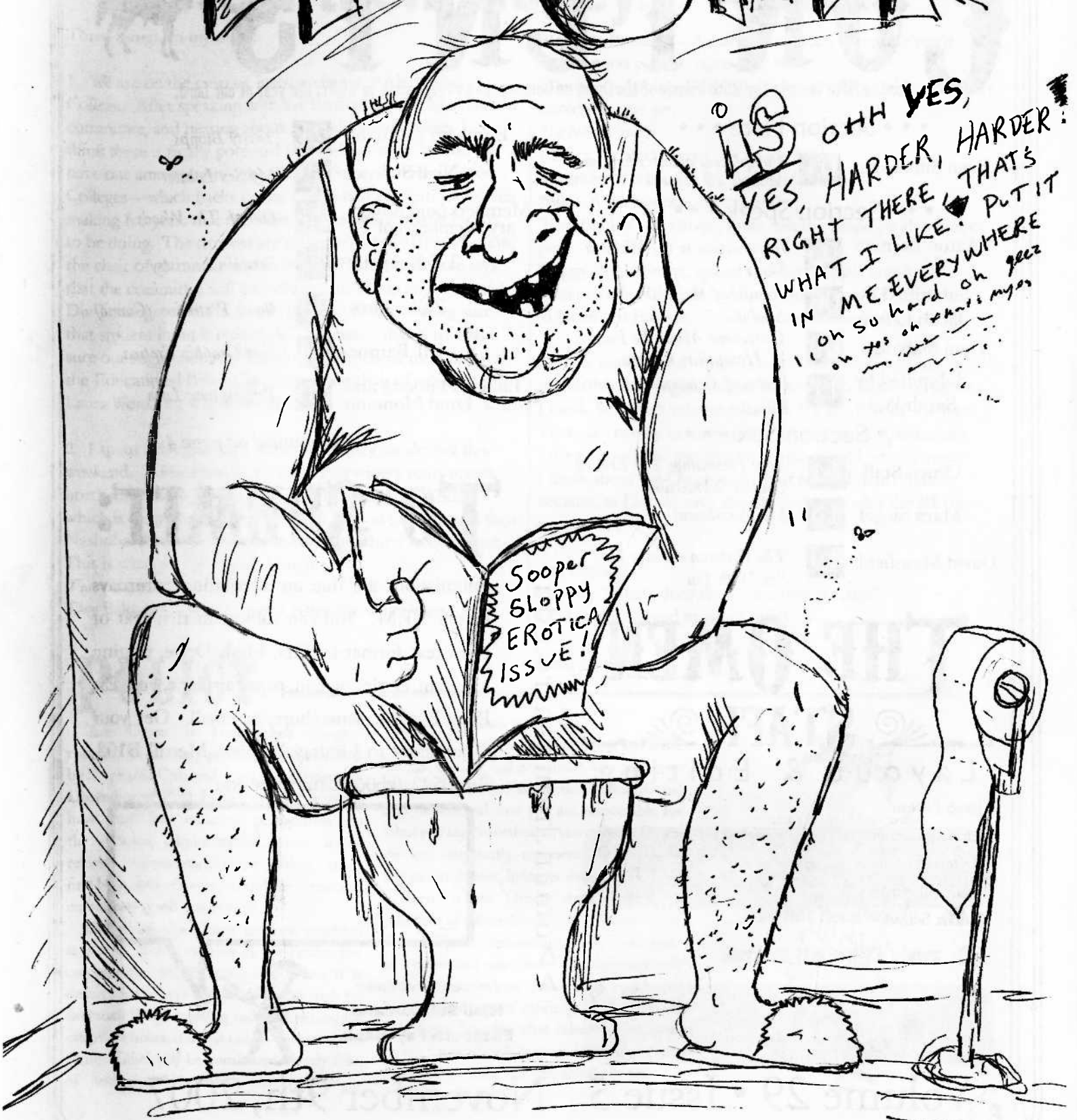


THE O MEN



IS
YES, OHH YES,
YES, HARDER, HARDER!
RIGHT THERE, THATS
WHAT I LIKE. PUT IT
IN ME EVERYWHERE
oh so hard oh geez
oh yes oh pants myas

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THE OMEN STAFF

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Lindsay Barbieri, Merrill B103, Box 0542, lkb06@hampshire.edu

Front and Back Cover:
Niall Sullivan and
Elizabeth Fay-Babb



>omen.hampshire.edu

Volume 29 • Issue 5 November 9th, 2007

Jacob Lefton

Editorial

Faculty fuck students in ass and steal their money... AGAIN!

Three things on my mind:

1. We are on the cusp of intense change at Hampshire College. After speaking with the trustees, the Reaccreditation committee, and hearing about Re-Rad's latest actions, I think there is finally potential for students to be heard. We have our ammunition—the Wabash Study of Liberal Arts Colleges—which backs up the claims that students have been making for years that the school is not doing what it claims to be doing. The trustees are willing to listen. Hosea Baskin, the chair of the trustee's Academic Affairs Committee says that the committee will be looking critically at any proposed Div I changes that the faculty brings to them, making sure that student input is reflected. This means that if we make sure our suggestions are heard through school meetings and the Educational Policy Committee (the chair of which is prof. Laura Wenk) we will see results.

2. I spent a devastating amount of money on alcohol this weekend. A few friends and I went on winery tours across northern Massachusetts. We visited West County Cider which is forty-five minutes north of here in Colrain, and then Nashoba Winery in Bolton, an hour and thirty minutes east. This is what we collectively bought:

West County Wines

'Dry Baldwin' - Cider so dry it tastes like white wine.

'Rein De Pommet' - A sweet hard cider, tastes like you'd expect good cider to taste.

'Blueberry-Apple' - Fifty-fifty blueberry apple wine. I haven't tasted this one yet.

Nashoba Winery

Amora' - a blackberry port, to die for.

'Northern Comfort' - Maple brandy liquor.

'Silk' - A very sweet peach brandy.

'Pear Brandy' - A strong, sinus clearing brandy with a hint of pear.

'Foggy Bog' - Sweet, spiced cranberry-apple brandy.

'Barenfang' - Honey brandy purportedly used to catch bears in Northern Europe. Smells and tastes like flowers.

3. This issue of the Omen is awesome. We have forty-four pages. It's the longest Omen I've ever produced except for, I think, last year's valentines issue. It's also one of the best. There are twenty or more pages of hot erotic submissions. I drew some filler pictures too. I get turned on whenever I think about the Omen now. Not to say I didn't before, because, as Lindsay says, the Omen is probably the #1 turn-on on campus.

Ask anyone:

Lindsay: "Jacob, does the Omen turn you on?"

Jacob: (blushes and moans a little)

I rest my case.

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously

damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



THE OMEN STAFF:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



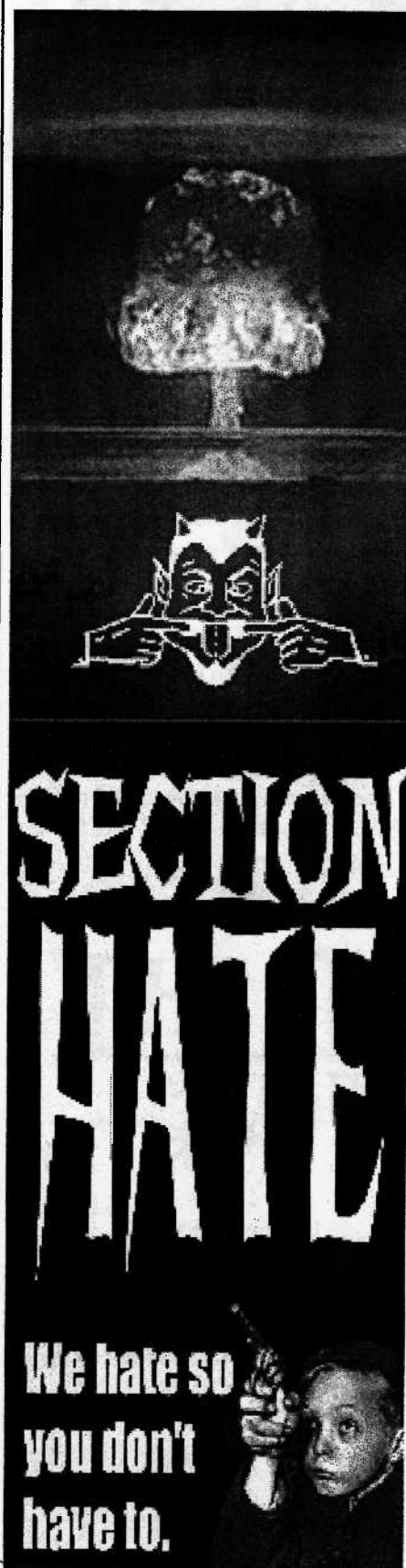
Complaints about Omen Volume 29 Issue 4

by Evan Silberman

1. Jacob: Damn you for changing the perfectly legitimate phrase "early of a Sunday morning" to "early on a Tuesday (oh god...) morning" on my cover. The phrase "early of a [optional day of week] morning" is grammatical and has a long and storied history. I guess the Tuesday thing is legitimate. But see if I ever spend five minutes making a text-heavy cover again.
2. Old people in general: Please calm down about Hampshire being dead or whatever. Seriously, I've been going here 8 weeks, and you're getting me depressed already. This whole "mourning" thing is sanctimonious, masturbatory, and irritating. Let us get bitter on our own time, 'kay?
3. Lindsay: "ROALD Dahl," not "RAHL Dahl." Seriously.
4. Aforementioned old people: That dirge reminds me of all the treacly, insipid songs I've ever been forced to sing or listen to over the course of my life. The actual Battle Hymn of the Republic is mildly inspiring. Alternately, "John Brown's Body" makes fun of a dead guy. Your song complains a lot.
5. Speaking of "a lot," one of you misspelled it as "allot."

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Introductory Letter from Dean of the Faculty

Dear Colleagues,

As many of you may have heard, Hampshire has recently received some feedback from the first year of the Wabash National Study of Liberal Arts Education--a longitudinal study of 26 colleges and universities that examines how students change during their time in college. The Study, which so far only concerns first-year students, tries to determine which kinds of undergraduate experiences lead to improvements in critical thinking, openness to diversity, interest in socially responsible leadership, and other outcomes that Hampshire--and most other liberal arts colleges--hopes to achieve.

The study is a complex one, with many parts and rich data (that includes quantitative and qualitative components). To make it easier for you to get a sense of what the study shows, I have asked Steve Weisler and Carol Trosset to prepare two summary reports, one called "What Our Students are Saying about Hampshire in the Wabash National Study" and a second, more complete summary called "Summary of Wabash National Study 2006-2007." Those of you who want the quick picture should look at the first summary; the second report is for those who want an in-depth summary of the structure of the Study and more details about

the results.

Although I am sure we will have a chance to talk more about Hampshire's results together soon, my first impression is that this is a very well-done study that can help all of us at Hampshire understand how our students experience their time at the College. Some of the data indicate that we are quite successful--for example, in promoting positive diversity experiences and in fostering improvements in certain types of moral reasoning. Other data indicate that students come to Hampshire with a highly distinctive profile, which may mean that they do not always experience our teaching and other non-academic aspects of the Hampshire experience as we would like. Since the report also provides a summary of how other institutions have fared in the Study, we can also get a sense of how well Hampshire does compared to others.

I look forward to discussing this report further with you soon.

Take Care,
Aaron

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

What Our Students Are Saying About Hampshire in the Wabash National Study

October 30, 2007

[Note: The 11 small colleges in the comparison group are: Alma College, Bard College, Columbia College, Connecticut College, Coe College, Gustavus Adolphus College, Hamilton College, Hope College, Wabash College, Whittier College.]

Fall, 2006 (Data reference institutional averages.)

How important is it to Hampshire students to...

- A. become accomplished in the performing arts: 3rd out of 11 small colleges
- B. influence the political structure: 1 / 11
- C. influence social values: 2 / 11
- D. help others who are in difficulty: 7 / 11
- E. make a theoretical contribution to science: 11 / 11
- F. create artistic work: 1 / 11
- G. develop a meaningful philosophy of life: 1 / 11
- H. volunteer in their community: 8 / 11
- I. keep up to date with political affairs: 2 / 11
- J. become a community leader: 11 / 11
- K. integrate spirituality into their lives: 8 / 11
- L. make a lot of money: 11 / 11
- M. work in a prestigious occupation: 11 / 11

Hampshire students believe...

- A. they enjoy having discussions with people whose ideas and values are different from my own: 3 / 11
- B. the real value of a college education lies in being introduced to different values: 6 / 11
- C. they frequently do more reading in a class than was required simply because it interests them: 2 / 11
- D. they enjoy the challenge of learning complicated new material: 4 / 11
- E. they are willing to work hard in a course to learn the information even if it won't lead to a higher grade: 1 / 11

F. getting the best grades they can is very important to them: 11 / 11

G. when they do well on a test it is usually because they are well-prepared, not because the test was easy: 11 / 11

H. academic experiences (i.e., courses, labs, studying, discussions with faculty) will be the most important part of college: 11 / 11

Hampshire students consider themselves...

- A. to be liberal in their political views: 1 / 11
- B. to be healthy: 11 / 11
- C. to often be sleep deprived: 2 / 11 (down to 11 / 11 in Spring!)

Spring, 2007 (Data reference institutional averages.)

Hampshire students describe teaching at Hampshire...

- A. Faculty inform me of my level of performance in a timely manner: 7 / 11
- B. Faculty check to see if I learned the material well before going on to new material: 11 / 11
- C. Faculty give clear explanations: 11 / 11
- D. Faculty make good use of examples: 11 / 11
- E. Faculty effectively review and summarize the material: 10 / 11
- F. Faculty give assignments that helped in learning the material: 7 / 11
- G. Faculty presentations in class are well-organized: 11 / 11
- H. Faculty are well-prepared for class: 10 / 11
- I. Class time is used effectively: 11 / 11
- J. Course goals and requirements are clearly explained: 11 / 11

Hampshire students report that most faculty with whom they have had contact ...

- A. are genuinely interested in students: 11 / 11
- B. are interested in helping students grow in more than academic areas: 11 / 11
- C. are outstanding teachers: 11 / 11
- D. are genuinely interested in teaching: 10 / 11
- E. are willing to spend time outside of class to discuss issues of interest and importance to students: 10 / 11

Hampshire students describe classroom experiences at Hampshire...

- A. There are frequent higher order exams and experiences: 5 / 11
- B. There is a high level of academic challenge and student effort: 11 / 11
- C. The influence of interactions with peers is positive: 11 / 11
- D. Learning is cooperative: 10 / 11
- E. There are frequent course-related diversity experiences: 1 / 11
- F. Faculty ask challenging questions in class: 4 / 11
- G. Faculty ask me to argue for or against a particular point of view: 6 / 11
- H. Faculty challenged my ideas in class: 2 / 11
- I. Students challenged each other's ideas in class: 2 / 11

Hampshire students describe their course work...

- A. Exams or assignments required me to write essays: 4 / 11
- B. Exams or assignments required me to solve problems: 11 / 11
- C. Exams or assignments required me to use course content to address problems not presented in class: 5 / 11

Students describe the impact of faculty contact at Hampshire...

- A. Non-classroom interactions with faculty have a positive influence on my personal growth, values, and attitudes: 10 / 11
- B. Non class-room interactions with faculty have a positive influence on my intellectual growth and interest in ideas: 8 / 11
- C. Since coming to this institution, I have developed

a close, personal relationship with at least one faculty member: 7 / 11

D. I am satisfied with the opportunities to meet and interact informally with faculty: 11 / 11

How Hampshire students describe out-of-the-classroom experiences...

- A. I am involved in extra-curricular experiences: 9 / 11
- B. I frequently experience diversity: 2 / 11
- C. I frequently have positive diversity experiences: 1 / 11
- D. I infrequently have negative diversity experiences: 10 / 11
- E. I have frequent contact with student affairs staff: 10 / 11

Hampshire students describe experiences with other students...

- A. I have developed close personal relationships with other students: 11 / 11
- B. The student friendships I have developed at this institution have been personally satisfying: 11 / 11
- C. My interpersonal relationships with other students have had a positive influence on my intellectual growth and interest in ideas: 10 / 11
- D. It has been easy for me to meet and make friends: 11 / 11
- E. Many of the students I know would be willing to listen to me and help me if I had a personal problem: 8 / 11
- F. I have had serious discussions with other students about major social issues such as racial diversity, human rights, equality, or justice: 2 / 11

In interactions with diverse others...

- A. I have often had meaningful and honest discussions about issues related to social justice: 1 / 11
- B. I typically have avoided guarded, cautious interactions: 10 / 11
- C. I typically have avoided being silenced by prejudice and discrimination from sharing my own experiences: 11 / 11
- D. I have avoided hurtful, unresolved interactions: 10 / 11
- E. I have avoided tense, somewhat hostile interactions: 9 / 11

F. I have avoided feeling insulted or threatened based on my race, national origin, values, or religion: 10 / 11

Other student engagement data...

A. 35% of first-year students do not feel that Hampshire places a substantial emphasis on academic work (one comparison college: 2%)

B. 44% of first-year students report working harder than they thought to meet faculty expectations (one comparison college: 63%)

C. 59% of first-year students report spending fewer than 16 hours per week preparing for class (one comparison college: 31%). 14% spend 5 hours or less (one comparison college: 4%)

D. 31% of first-year students report spending more than 20 hours a week relaxing and socializing (top-tier liberal arts college average: 12%).

Good Teaching Practices...

A. Integrated Experiences: 2 / 11

B. Diversity Experiences: 2 / 11

C. Frequency of contact with faculty: 5 / 11

D. Frequency of feedback received from faculty: 6 / 11

E. Positive influence of interactions of peers: 11 / 11

F. Frequency of cooperative learning: 10 / 11

G. Quality of non-classroom interactions with faculty: 10 / 11

H. Faculty interest in teaching and student development: 11 / 11

I. Overall quality of faculty teaching: 11 / 11

J. Academic challenge and student effort: 11 / 11

How Hampshire students change during the first year of college (up, down, or no change indicate the direction of change):

A. Critical Thinking 11 / 11 (down)

B. Need for Cognition 11 / 11 (down)

C. Openness to Diversity 11 / 11 (down)

D. Moral Reasoning (N2 Score): 9 / 11 (up)

E. Psychological Well-Being (average of change scores): 9 / 11 (down)

F. Socially Responsible Leadership: (average of change scores): 10 / 11 (down)

G. Life Goals: (average of change scores): 3 / 11 (no change)

H. Frequency of student interaction with peers, staff, and faculty: 10 / 11 (down)

I. Effective Teaching and Interactions with Faculty: 11 / 11 (down)

J. Academic Motivation: 9 / 11 (down)

How does the variation within our student population compare that of our peers?

A. Diversity Experiences:

29.5% of Hampshire students were in the top 20% of students at 10 small colleges

59.2% were in the middle 60%

11% were in the bottom 20%

B. Frequency of Interacting with Others:

14.4% were in the top 20%

60.3% were in the middle 60%

25.3% were in the bottom 20%

C. Effective Teaching and Interaction with Faculty:

11.6% were in the top 20%

59.1% were in the middle 60%

29.3% were in the bottom 20%*

D. Quality of Interaction with Peers

17.1% were in the top 20%

50.7% were in the middle 60%

32.2% were in the bottom 20%*

[Note: * indicates that Hampshire had the highest proportion of students in this category]



I Have Become Concerned With the Future of Hampshire

by Dani Slabaugh

THE GENESIS OF HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE . . . AND THEN WE ATE SOME APPLES AND FELL FROM THE TREE OF BAD METAPHORES

In the Beginning knowledge was valid. Information of all kinds was put on the pedestal of academic value. In the beginning a portfolio was more than list of relevant courses taken. (In the beginning the hub did not exist). We harnessed our passion and were rewarded when we pulled in on the other end of our solo journey. In the beginning, college was only a word, something that vaguely described a new society of exploramental learning. In the beginning there was conflict, turbulence, and unease, and this was a small price to pay for the dynamic effects of a liberating and liberated education.

At the outset of Hampshire, courses were to be devalued. There were to be no mode of learning that outweighed another. Internships, jobs, interviews, and independent investigation within students' everyday life, travel, protests, governance responsibilities, student organization, and personal memoir - all of these things were to "count". Divisional studies - divisional passions and curiosities were expected to infuse students' lives and bridge the gap between ivory-tower theories and everyday reality.

Five years ago the "real" div I, which Herb Bernstein has referred to as, "the shining star of Hampshire College" was voted out in favor of a checklist. Standardization, requirements, learning goals - these things have been implemented in near draconian fashion. With closing loopholes, it has become more and more difficult for students to "learn what they love". (Or even what they think they might love but aren't really sure about yet.) With the restriction of distribution requirements to 100 level classes it is nearly impossible for students to challenge themselves in the areas they do love within the course-based div I structure. Division I is, however, quite effective at containing disengaged distribution fillers to 100 level courses, which keeps div II and III relatively unaffected, while giving Hampshire a nice,

well rounded appearance for potential funders (in this category I include several trustees rumored to be "out of touch"), accreditation boards, and others who may not "get it" (our parents, our friends at home, in some cases ourselves . . .). The current plan developed as the lowest common denominator when the EPC reviewed div I. It relieves overworked professors of the burden of being the disciplinarian of those few unengaged students who expect to sail through without lifting a finger; it then burdens them with a large number of disgruntled students who don't have a reason to develop a close advisor/advisee relationship with them. (After a few months, the relationship tapers off - the magic is gone. It was really just for appearances anyways. They never had much in common in the first place. All that remains are awkward waves from across the quad.) Further down the road they are burdened with div II and III advisees who don't know how to do quality independent work.

According to my sincerely well intentioned friend, Ralph Hexter, because "division I is preparation for division II" we all must muddle through the basic norms of academic quality by checking off standards that bear an uncanny resemblance in jargon and in content to NCLB legislature. Advisors, we may assume, are not to be trusted in evaluating students' academic growth on a more personal level. To paraphrase my sometimes-present Monday morning breakfast buddy, Div I is merely a loving 8AM hassle from Roberta about your new haircut before reaching the glories of SAGA's waffle-maker, complete with a heaping scoop of frozen dairy products and a variety of high-fructose corn syrup filled toppings.

If division I were based more on quality advising and less on that cute little list advisors go over in the 10-15 minutes a semester of advising face time, perhaps all the whining would stop. (Should this letter be completely ineffective and cause the Hampshire system move towards grades, we would get a collective A+ for whining abilities.)

Unpopular as capitalism may be on this campus,

perhaps we could apply it to the advising system. Don't like your advisor? Get another one! Will no one advise your divisional proposal on the sustainable recycling of bong water to cook psychedelic baked goods? Perhaps you should re-evaluate your academic priorities. Supply and demand always wins out. CASA (as the enforcers - really I refer her to div I and those silly people who voted for it) stifles academic freedom, creativity, student initiative, and happy healthy life-consuming love of learning.

What happened to preparing for what I want to do right now? Why has this beautiful vision of a world outside the checkbox, where students teach themselves and allow some expert advice from professors they respect and love, been abandoned?

To the professors of Hampshire College, I ask you how much you know about the founding pedagogy of Hampshire? How well do you know what your students, especially your advisees, really want to do (not just what they want to take, or will settle on taking)? Where do you step out of your own professorial, academic box into the realm of interdisciplinary, student directed, non-course based, non-compulsory education? Do you know how to teach without a lecture? (If you answered yes, do you know to do so without caffeine and potentially other sleep inhibiting substances running through your students' veins?) Do you disseminate power in the classroom? Do students address each other or just you when they speak? Do they call you out on your mistakes? Do they feel comfortable to behave in an empowered way in class? How do you plan to ally yourself with students in liberating themselves from the traditionalist notions that are ingrained in many of us when we arrive?

To the students of Hampshire College, I ask you what you are doing, what questions you are asking, what you will not accept? How do you challenge the zombie-like status quo of checking off a list of requirements and moving on to the next divisional level as if this is just a long line with a vaguely described reward at the end? What are you doing that you think should count outside of classes? When was the last time you searched the archives of the school to better understand Hampshire's roots? (There are some great stories about world record sundaes and a wild pig that was left in someone's mod.)

To the President of Hampshire College, I ask what you will do (apart from arriving unprepared for a single meeting that has been 5 years coming, - granted you have only been here for 2 and a half) to facilitate a campus wide discussion of these issues in a concrete way? (Not, as you have done, in an entirely vision-based way that is irrelevant to students, the majority of your constituents). How will you elicit feedback from students and truly listen? How will you stop yourself from merely picking up isolated arguments to respond to with placating sound bytes? How will you organize and direct the flow of an overwhelming amount of ideas within the community about changes that should, and can, be made to improve the community that we, as a largely residential student body, see a clear need for?

To the administration of Hampshire College, I ask how you are contributing to the course-based, hierarchical and increasingly paternalistic pedagogy of Hampshire College? Where can you and your colleagues infuse the school with the liberating founding perspectives of Hampshire philosophy? What do you know about Hampshire's philosophy? When was the last time you considered the meaning of education as opposed to the meaning of school?

These questions are not rhetorical. They are meant to provoke discussion (which Hampshire is great at) and better yet, action (here's where we would receive "needs improvement" on our collective evaluation). Come to a Re-Rad meeting (every other Wednesday at 6:30 in FPH.) Talk with your advisor/advisees about it. Run for student office. Fill a faculty position on an advisory committee. Demand follow-through. Go to school meetings. Go to school meeting not in your school and start interdisciplinary networking! Foster communication on isolated discussions about important issues. Write a letter to the editor for the climax/omen/1 of the 5 million Zines on campus. Write a letter to Ralph. Run naked and screaming through the halls of Cole. (Only do this as a last resort - it's a drafty building.)

With love for my school despite growing disillusionment,
Dani Slabaugh



A Series of Photos From Community Council's Website.

Submitted by Sarah Weiss

The Omen considered placing the series of photos under section "Comics"... but we have graciously allowed you to make your own judgements.

"COMMUNITY COUNCIL ROSTER
This page was last updated on October
12, 2007."

SOURCE Liason to Council

SOURCE Liason:

Financial Committee (FiCom) Roster

Co-Chairs:

At-Large Members:

SafeCom Roster

Chair

Staff Members

Council Members

Community Members

Committee on Community Activities (COCA) Roster

Signers:

At-Large Members:

Committee on Community Development (COCD) Roster

Co-chairs:

At-Large Members:

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

NEWS MAP SEARCH SITEMAP

about | academics | admissions | resources | student life | alumni | giving



WELCOME TO THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL WEBSITE

*Student and Community Governance at Hampshire College**intranet*

Student Life
Student Services
Governance
Governance Committees
Community Council
Council Subcommittees
SAFETY COMMITTEE
(SAFECOM)
SafeCom Bylaws
SafeCom Membership
All-Community Meeting
Minutes 3.6.06
SafeCom Minutes

Recent News

02.25.07 -- SafeCom to Investigate Claims of Unsafe Speedbumps

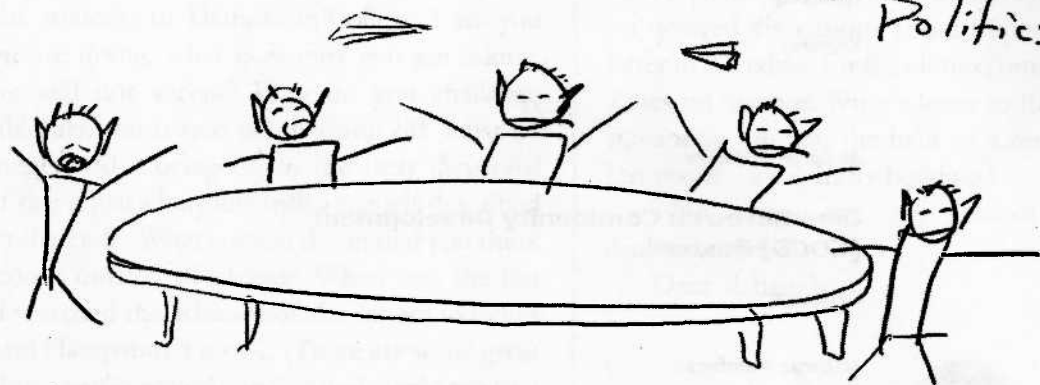
A message from the Chair of SafeCom:

Due to ongoing complaints from the community I've decided to pursue the matter of the safety of the speedbumps in greater detail.

For now, I'm going to gather input and information from the community and try and piece together some ideas that we can all discuss in SafeCom's next meeting. I will also be talking with, in this particular case, experts in the field of traffic control measures and engineering and construction firms, including the ones who were involved in our speedbumps.

Community members are concerned that the speedbumps are dangerous and were not engineered correctly and some claim damages done to their vehicles directly from the speedbumps. It is our responsibility to hear those concerns and make sure that any measures implemented are the safest they can be, and to make sure that in the future, community input is gathered on issues of safety before decisions are made. Our next meeting will be the first Tuesday of March, which is the 6th, at 9AM. Thanks,

Alex Torpey
SafeCom Chair
amt05@hampshire.edu

Article goblins do
Politics

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

NEWS MAP SEARCH SITEMAP

about | academics | admissions | resources | student life | alumni | giving



WELCOME TO THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL WEBSITE

*Student and Community Governance at Hampshire College**intranet*

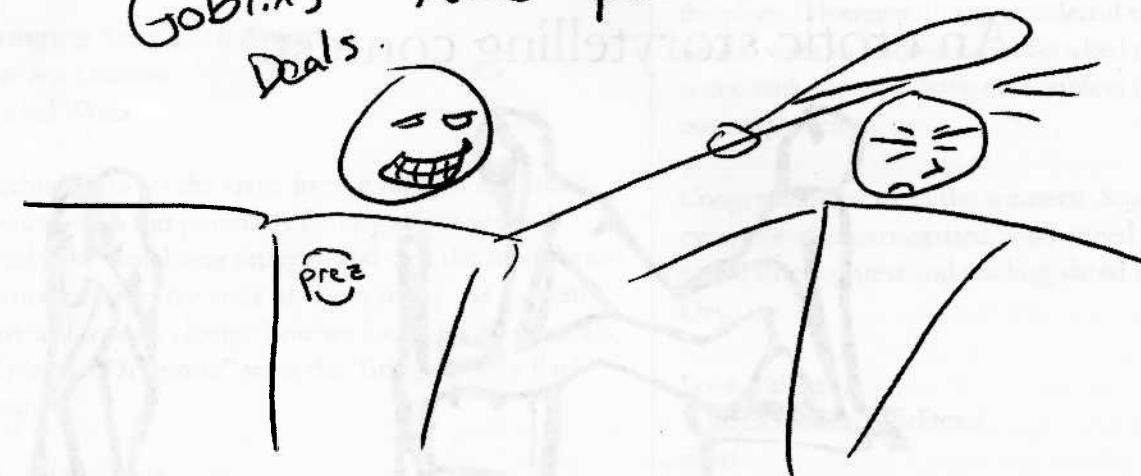
Student Life
Student Services
Governance
Governance Committees
Community Council
Council Subcommittees
INFORMATION COMMITTEE

Information Committee

More information coming soon, hang tight!

This page was last updated on November 30, 2006. [Send comments](#) to the editor of this page.

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Article
Goblins Make political
Deals

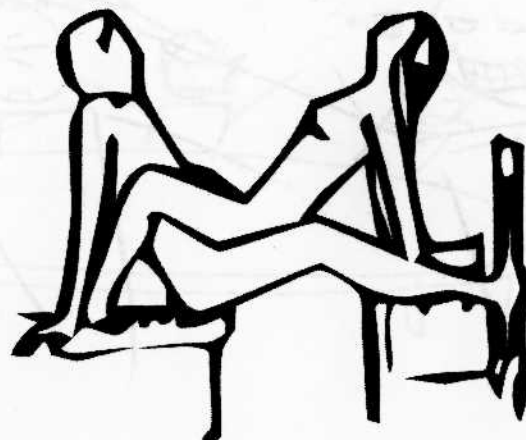


Presents



"IT WAS A DARK AND SEXY NIGHT..."

An erotic storytelling contest.



For a Good Time™ call 508 308 8706

She slid her body into the chair and looked the selections up and down. She could judge them as she pleased, she could take all the time she wanted to examine each one, to find the one that she liked the best.

This one made her laugh, that one made her wet and ready... each, of course, had a personality all its own, and deciding on just one would be difficult...

But wait... in this day and age, why settle for just one?

Dear Readers and Participants,

Thank you for supporting the Omen's first "It Was A Dark and Sexy Night" erotic contest and reading night. The whole endeavor has been a fabulous success. We have received numerous amazing submissions and seen more read aloud and performed for us.

The prize for this contest is a \$20 gift certificate to the sex store of your choice. When it comes to sex, it's always difficult to choose only one. The Omen chose three. And now, it is our pleasure (no, really) to bring you the winners of this contest.

Bringing Sexy Back Award

Ode to a Drummer
Rachel Weiss

Rachel Weiss set the stage for the night at the erotic reading with this poem. A fantasy about sex and music, the tantalizing imagery and well delivered beats turned us on at the start of the reading. As a poem that will forever change how we look at rock concerts, "Ode to a Drummer" wins the 'Bringing Sexy Back' award.

Pure Humor Award

The Postman Always Has Sex With You
by David Mansfield

If your husband dies in the war, it is apparently inevitable that you will end up fucking the postman. David plays out this simple truth in a hilarious and sexy slice-of-life drama. Certainly one of the more bizarre erotic stories we have ever read, "The Postman Always Has Sex With You" is a clear winner—the Omen hopes David Mansfield will be delivering its mail from now on.

Graphic Depiction Award

Prescription: Love
by Linnaea Furlong and Mara

"Prescription: Love" is a heart-warming story of a young doctor who finds love, or at least sex during his day-job. Simply put, we were *quite* aroused very early on in this story. Despite poor scanning quality, this story is enough to make the Omen question its 'no doctors' policy. "Prescription: Love" deserves the "Graphic Depiction" award.

Special mention goes to the space erotica that was presented by two lovely gentlemen at the reading. Sadly, we do not know their names, and they did not submit the piece. However, it was wonderful and sexy, and we too want to remove our oil-soaked space-shirts and space-tank-tops and have emotionless robots sucking our nipples clean.

Congratulations to all the winners! Special thanks to everyone who participated. Stay tuned for the next erotic story contest and reading slated for Valentines Day.

Love (call us!),
Your Sexy Omen Editors!
xoxo

My Punishment

by Mara Siegal

The weather was getting warmer, which made me happy because I could finally wear all my favorite clothes that had been tucked away all winter. You told me that you were going to see me in the afternoon, and I should make sure to get off work after lunch. It was so warm, that I decided to wear a skirt, a short plaid skirt to be precise, knowing that you liked when I looked like your little schoolgirl. I was squirming in my seat all morning at work, imagining what you were planning for me in the afternoon, feeling myself getting wet in anticipation. Finally it was lunchtime, and I decided to get some ice cream while I waited for you. I enjoyed the attention I got from the men on the street as they watched me licking the cone, letting some of the melting cream drip down my chin so that I could lick myself clean again.

As I approached our meeting place, I saw a small group of men sitting together, and they were soon staring and making comments as I passed by; I made sure to lick the cone slowly before sucking the ice cream into my mouth. I had just passed them and was grinning to myself when I looked up and saw you watching me. I blushed as I realized that you had just watched me purposely tease those men. As I approached you, I smiled at you and tilted my head up, lifting myself slightly on my toes as I hoped for a kiss. You discretely kissed me, and when we pulled away, you told me to look at you. You asked me if I knew that I had just teased those men, at which point I grinned and said that I did, that it was fun to tease men. You told me that I should be careful, that teasing can have consequences, but we soon walked on, going home for an afternoon together.

I used my keys and let us in, and as soon as we were behind closed doors, you grabbed me by the throat and pushed me against the wall, telling me that wearing a skirt like that was teasing you, and that now I had to finish what I had started. I smiled as I felt your stiff rod pushing up against my hip, and I promised to do whatever you wanted, that I was yours and wanted to thoroughly please you. I heard you say something under your breath, but I didn't understand and didn't want to question you. You pushed me in front of you, walking

up the stairs behind me so that you could see my ass peaking out from under the skirt.

When we entered the dining room, you grabbed me from behind, kissed my neck while you pushed your hard member against my ass. I moaned as your hands roamed over my body while you guided me towards the table. As soon as you felt the resistance as my body pressed into the table, you bent me over, my skirt naturally rising up to the point of indecency. You ran your hand over my exposed ass, rubbing it gently before lifting your hand and bringing it down sharply on my sensitive skin. I gasped at the cracking noise followed by the stinging sensation, but before I could protest, you had practically ripped my underwear off and had buried your engorged cock in my dripping wet cunt. I moaned loudly and arched my back, wanting you to fuck me deep and hard. But after three long thrusts into me, you pulled your cock out and leaned down to blow softly on my desperate pussy. I cried out, begging you to please fuck me, telling you how much I wanted you inside me.

You rubbed the head of your dick along my slit, and then leaned over me, your shaft resting between my juicy lips as you pulled my head back to whisper in my ear. You reminded me that I had been bad before, and that it was time for me to be punished. I whimpered and asked what you wanted me to do, that I knew I had been wrong and wanted to please you. As the words left my mouth, I heard the front door open, and wondered what was going on, but when you didn't comment on it, I realized that it was all part of your plan.

Into the room walked the group of four men who had watched me eat the ice cream on the street. You watched as my eyes grew wide and told me that you had invited some friends over, and that I should be sure to be a good hostess. I nodded, still in shock, but you grabbed me by the hair and asked me harshly if I understood, and quickly said yes, making sure not to be disrespectful. You stroked my hair softly, and told me that this was why I was your good little slut. You pulled away from me, leaving me exposed on the table, and told me to be still until I received further instructions.

You walked over to the men, and I heard you talking with them but couldn't make out what you were saying. I felt my body quivering, overwhelmed with a mixture of fear, apprehension, and also arousal. I knew I wanted to please you, but I was worried what that would take. When you came back over to me, you walked around the table to look me in the eyes, telling me that you wanted to watch my reactions to your plans. I smiled bravely, and you leaned towards me, kissing me gently before pulling away and nodding towards the men. As you stepped away to watch, I felt hands suddenly touching me all over. They stroked my legs, my ass, my breasts, and one even pushed his fingers into my cunt. Soon they were pulling at my clothing, and all that remained was my short, pleated plaid skirt, that was of little real use as my ass and cunt were completely exposed.

One hand caressed my ass, and I started to relax, thinking maybe they were going to be gentle, but as it slapped down on me, I knew that you weren't going to let me off easy. The loud claps and stinging sensations became more rapid, and when I cried out, one of the men laughed. He came around in front of me, his pants were off and he told me that since they didn't want to disturb the neighbors, he was gonna help me keep quiet. I didn't take my eyes off of yours, as he slid his thick cock into my mouth. I sucked him in as far as I was comfortable, and ran my tongue over his shaft. When his friends saw him enter my mouth, and saw that I didn't resist, I heard them discussing something and suddenly felt another cock thrust into my wet pussy. I heard them saying that they should move me so that I could take another cock inside me, but I saw you shake your head and tell them not yet.

I knew you wanted me to treat these foreign cocks as I would yours, so I arched my back and thrust my ass against the man behind me, while sucking the other cock deep into my mouth. Soon I was completely lost in the sensations, and felt myself getting close to orgasm. I knew I wouldn't make the same mistake again, so I looked deep into your eyes, and tried to ask you, but with the cock deep in my mouth, it just sounded like mumbling. You walked over to me, maintaining eye contact the whole time, and told the man whose cock was in my mouth to back off for a second. As soon as he was a couple steps away, you slapped me hard across

the face with a loud cracking sound. I felt tears spring to my eyes in shock and pain, as you told me that I was being very rude, speaking with my mouth full. I tried to speak, and you grabbed me by the throat, telling me that I was not to speak, that you knew I wanted to cum, but that I didn't have permission, and you would give me permission when you were ready.

I nodded and was about to say yes sir, when that cock was back in my mouth, fucking my face. I heard you telling something to one of the men, and saw him wander over to where we keep the pleasure chest. I heard some rustling about, and then saw him appear with a dildo in his hand. I didn't understand why there was a need for any more cock in the room, until I felt it being pushed into my ass. I cried out in pain, but the cock in my mouth just pushed in deeper, stifling my sounds as it pushed into my throat. They started cheering, and one of them grabbed hold of the dildo, thrusting it hard in and out of my ass as the other two men fucked my other holes. I couldn't help but moan as I was overwhelmed with the sensations. This sent vibrations along the cock in my throat, and the man grunted as he came deep into my mouth. I could barely swallow his load, before the next cock was in my face.

This man was not so gentle with my mouth, but grabbed me by the hair and forced his cock deep into my throat, as I choked. He was treating my mouth like a cunt, thrusting in and out. At the same time, one of the other men commented how nicely my skin showed marks, and decided he wanted to see how red he could make my ass. So not only were all my holes being mercilessly pounded, but my ass was also being punished. Still, I was incredibly turned on, and having a very hard time to keep from cumming. I looked deep into your eyes, silently pleading with you. For a while you just watched, enjoying watching my body writhe, hearing my muffled cries. Finally, you told me that I could cum, while at the same time you flicked your finger over my clit. My muscles spasmed and I moaned deeply as I finally got some kind of release. But there was no time to enjoy it, because the cocks inside me didn't slow for an instant, continuing to use me, on your command.

Moments later, the dick in my cunt pulsed as it shot hot cum into me. The man thrust hard into me, and then pulled out, getting out of the way as the fourth man approached me. I heard him make a comment about

fucking the ass he had made so red, as he pulled the dildo out of my ass. Then he plunged his cock all the way inside me, stretching my tight little hole, still occasionally spanking me to keep my ass looking as red as he wanted it. One of the other men went back to the pleasure chest and found a vibrator, which was soon shoved into my pussy, sliding in easily with the mixture of my juices and the sperm.

My moans and cries continued to vibrate along the cock in my mouth, and soon he thrust deep into my mouth and filled me with his load. When he pulled away, I was unable to suppress my moans, as my ass was brutally violated by another man, my cum filled cunt continuously stimulated by the vibrator. You walked over to me and looked deep into my eyes, seeing the strange mix of humiliation, pleasure and pain in my eyes. You told me that I was allowed to speak to answer your question, and then asked me if I wanted my punishment to end. I held your gaze, and told you that I only wanted it to end if I had righted my wrong and you were no longer displeased with me. You smiled and didn't respond to me, but I saw you walk over to the satisfied men and talk to them.

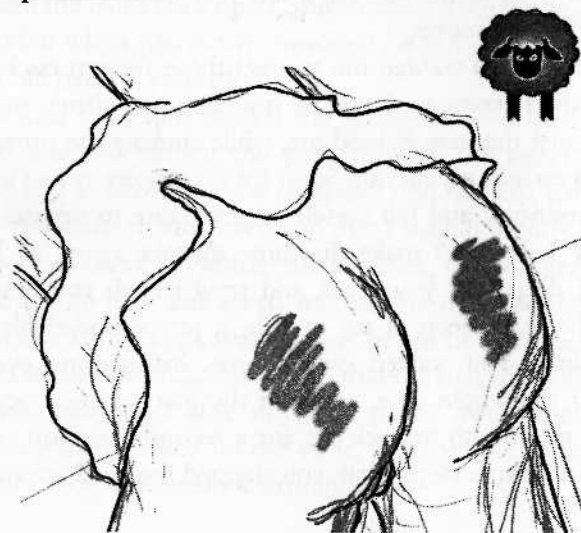
No longer having to share my holes with anyone, the man fucking my ass grabbed me by the hair and pulled my head back, making my body arch back. He used his other hand to reach around in front of me, tweaking my nipples. He then started talking to me, saying that he knew I wanted to cum, telling me to cum for him. As much as I moaned and cried out I knew I couldn't cum for him, I knew I only cum for you. I saw you watching me, knowing how desperate I was to cum and seeing if I obeyed the other man's orders. After what felt like hours, you finally told me I was allowed to cum, and I did, my muscles tightening, almost pushing out the vibrator. The increased sensations caused the man in my ass to cum as well, as he emptied his juices into my ass.

When he pulled out of my ass, he also pulled out the vibrator, but I didn't move, knowing you would tell me when I could. I felt the cum, mixed with my wetness, running down my thighs, and I knew you were watching me leak with other men's fluids. I heard you saying goodbye to the group of men, making plans to meet up again. Then you told me that I had paid my dues, and that I should go take a shower.

Bruised and battered, I somehow got myself to the bathroom and got into the shower. I stood for a few

moments under the hot water, allowing the bathroom to fill with steam, trying to clear my thoughts. But soon I got to work, gently scrubbing the sweat off my body, cleaning the foreign fluids out of my holes. I had finished with that and moved on to washing my hair, when you entered into the shower. You pressed your body against mine, pushing me up against the wall. The cold tiles made my back chill, but your hot skin sent a special kind of heat through my body that settled in between my legs. I was sore and bruised, but couldn't help it, as I got wet again just having you so near to me.

You looked down at me, stroking my face gently, and told me that I had been a very good girl, that I had pleased you in how well I took my punishment. I couldn't help but grin when you praised me, glad that I had pleased you. You asked me if I still wanted to be yours, to which I quickly responded that I did. Suddenly, you pushed my legs apart and forced your fingers into my cunt and my ass, both sore and tender from the pounding from before. You asked me if I realized that by being yours, I would have to do whatever it took to please you, even if it meant being filled up with other men's cum. I nodded and told you that I wanted to do what would please you, whatever that may be. You smiled at me and told me that I was allowed to take you in my mouth; I dropped to my knees and gratefully sucked your dick into my mouth, savoring the sensations of your cock against my tongue, against the tender flesh of my mouth. Soon, you pulled me off your cock and carried me out of the shower, taking me someplace more comfortable where you could make me cum all afternoon, ravage me all over again, just because I was your toy, to do with as you pleased.



WINNER!!

The Postman Always Has Sex With You

By David Mansfield

Nelda opened the door and was surprised to see that it was the postman whose forceful digit had gently but firmly pressed her doorbell and elicited a pleasant jingling within. "Yes?" she said with all the innocence of a kitten... A kitten in heat that keeps pointing its hindquarters at you and moaning, and you aren't sure exactly what it's expecting you to do.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this..." He looked her up and down with scandalous appraisal. "...Madam, but your husband has died. In the war."

A single tear gushed from Nelda's supple eye socket, running down her neck and chest and lubricating the hard nipple of her right breast. "Oh..." she said, a daze washing over her like an orgasm, but bad.

"You know," continued the postman sensitively, "My wife died once. In a sewing factory accident. I know just how it feels, so if you need to talk..."

"There's a word for what I want to do, and it isn't 'talk,'" Nelda interrupted, tightly grabbing his lapels and pulling him toward her and all the secrets her firm body concealed.

"Wait!" gasped the postman, "Not now! I must finish my mail route first. My sense of duty comes before my desire for pleasure." Nelda's heart fluttered, for her husband's sense of duty had come before his desire for pleasure.

"Very well then," she said in a devastating whisper, and let him go.

Nelda lay sprawled on her bed, curtains drawn. She remembered her husband, and the unique nature of his touch. When he touched her, it felt as though an army of furious yellow butterflies were waging war in her loins, rather than a noble but poor peasant boy whom her family had disowned her for marrying. Since he had left for the war, the only butterfly/loins action Nelda had experienced was purely accidental, and the single butterfly involved died quickly. She tried to remember the way her husband's tonsils felt against her skin, but she lost control and the memory erupted from her mind before being lost in the moist abyss of forgetfulness.

Just then, she heard a strange – yet somehow arousing – noise from beneath the bed. Her fear was matched by a commensurate lust for adventure. She looked beneath and saw none other than the postman, his moustache freshly oiled, emerging from a tight hole in the floor. The house was riddled with secret passages, a veritable Swiss cheese slice of dirty secrets, from the days before it had been converted from a pirate ship to an elegant home.

"How did you know?" Nelda gasped, but before she could finish her sentence, his mouth was pressed against hers. It was a kiss unlike any she had ever known, and as his tongue annexed the territory of her mouth, she had no choice but to lay down her arms and surrender. He dragged her across the room and tossed her up to the ceiling. Her clothing caught on the sharp edges of the chandelier, and was torn off her ripe body before she plummeted back down, landing on the bed. The postman strutted toward her, proud as a rooster, removing a garment with each step. He reached the foot of the bed and hung his cravat on the bedpost. His instrument stood out against the rest of his body, as if it had been inherited from a whale or horse, or some whale-horse hybrid spirit from Native American folklore.

He hovered over her, as if ready to take – or, more accurately, give – the plunge. Suddenly, his impassioned expression softened, and a gentle smile crossed his face. "Tonight," he said, "is yours. Do with me as you please." Her heart fluttered, this time not because of what the postman had said, but because she had a heart murmur.

She grabbed his shoulders and thrust him facedown on the bed. Then, taking a stick of hot, melting butter from the bedside table, she drew lines between the moles on the inverted night sky of his back to recreate her favorite constellations. Now both covered in slick hot butter, Nelda and the postman embraced in a frictionless suction, sliding all parts of each other's bodies over all parts of each other's bodies.

Finally, unable to bear the tension, the postman

turned Nelda onto her back and cascaded into her like an enormous monk squeezing through the tiny door of a cathedral he has wanted to visit all the years of his life. Nelda felt as if a giant, muscly angel had punched her in the groin as hard as he could, and the pleasure was nearly unbearable. The postman took her eyelid between his teeth, pulling it gently as he rocked back and forth, in and out of her with a rhythm that would have made Mozart blush. Mozart, who was hiding in a secret tunnel on the opposite side of the room and peering into the room through the eyes of a portrait of himself, blushed.

Nelda approached orgasm with the speed and ferocity of an out-of-control locomotive. But in order to reach the station on time the train would need more coal, and this the postman shoveled in with gusto.

Finally, the moment arrived, and Nelda felt as if a stick of dynamite had been thrust into every cell in her body and detonated simultaneously, with the purpose of clearing

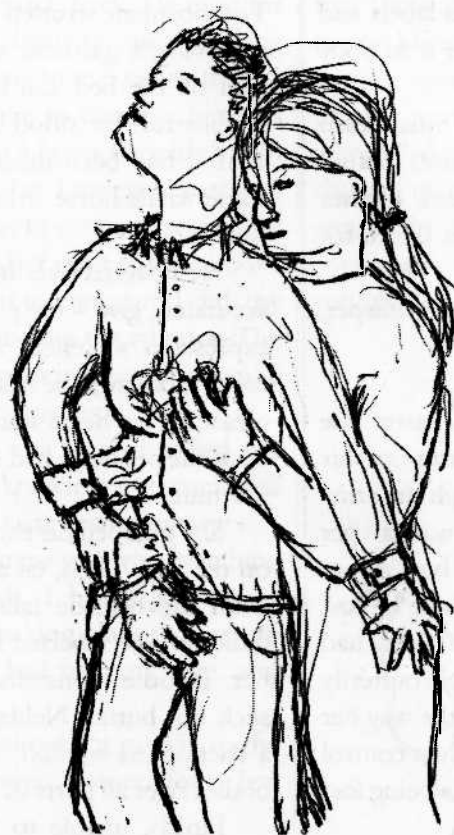
away some rubble for a very sexy railroad. She cried out with such force that the postman went permanently deaf in one ear, though he never told anyone or complained. As her chest, carpeted with beads of sweat, rose and fell in the aftermath of their mutual eruption, the postman made a grave confession.

"I must tell you," he said, "I am not really a postman, but in fact your husband's brother... from the future. In space. And the Civil War. I want nothing more than to pick up where my brother left off. I will give you the world."

"I'm sorry," Nelda replied, "but I have a confession as well. I have a fetish for voyeurism, and I therefore choose Mozart!"

She dramatically pointed to the painting, from which Mozart sheepishly emerged. He blushed, and made timid love to her as the postman softly wept.

The End



Yeasty Bumps

by Elizabeth Fay-Babb

SEX, AS CONCEIVED THROUGH YEASTY BUMPS, A DRIVE-THRU HAMBURGER PLACE AT SUNSET

by Elizabeth Fay-Babb

MAN IN CAR AT DRIVE-THRU, SLIGHTLY
OVERWEIGHT: Hi, I'm Gordon.

WOMAN INSIDE THE FASTFOOD
RESTAURANT, READY TO RECEIVE HIS
ORDER: Hello, Sir. Welcome to **Yeasty Bumps**.
Would you like to try out our new special **Meat N'
Buns** sandwich? Today it's a low-low-two-ninety-nine.

MAN IN CAR AT DRIVE-THRU, SLIGHTLY
OVERWEIGHT: Oh god. I want it all over myself.
I've waited so long. This is it. This is it.

WOMAN INSIDE THE FASTFOOD
RESTAURANT, READY TO RECEIVE HIS
ORDER: Sir, would you like to order a meal?

MAN IN CAR AT DRIVE-THRU, SLIGHTLY
OVERWEIGHT: I'm taking off my pants now. I'm
taking them off and I'm going to burn them. Burn
them in fatty-fat oil for you, my divine enchantress.

WOMAN INSIDE THE FASTFOOD
RESTAURANT, READY TO RECEIVE HIS
ORDER: Sir, if you do not intend to order something
to eat this evening, I'm going to request that you
move along and let the other customers place their
orders.

MAN IN CAR AT DRIVE-THRU, SLIGHTLY
OVERWEIGHT: Alright. Are you ready?

WOMAN INSIDE THE FASTFOOD
RESTAURANT, READY TO RECEIVE HIS

ORDER: Yes, sir.

MAN IN CAR AT DRIVE-THRU, SLIGHTLY
OVERWEIGHT: I want a single ketchup packet, cut
off at the corner with nail scissors and the contents
squeezed meticulously over my testicles in squiggles.
I want you, in leather made from the hides of the
animals you slaughtered to supply this establishment
with protein, to come towards me with a handful
of destructively hot French fries, and shove several
into each of my ear canals. Then, just when I *really*
feel the arousal working its way up my spine, you
finish me off with a deluxe **Yeasty Big-Boy**: a bun
littered with sesame seeds, tomatoes and mayonnaise
vehemently dripping out of its sultry sides. You take
the sandwich, and rub it all over my face. All over my
face, until I can no longer see daylight. I want you to
be vocal when you're doing it, like this: "HOOWAA!
HOO-WAAAA!" After it's all over, after the passion
subsides, I want you to take a medium Diet Coke and
splash its contents into my rich, succulent underarms.

WOMAN INSIDE THE FASTFOOD
RESTAURANT, READY TO RECEIVE HIS
ORDER: ...my shift ends at seven. Meet me in the
ladies restroom. The changing table. I'll be ready.



My Sex Lobster

by Niall Sullivan

It had been another one of those hot, sultry Saturdays at Rat Neck Beach, where the two lovers were nearing the end of a summer they had hoped would go on forever. Clad in swimsuits, they walked hand in hand along the water, looking out at one of the last sunsets they would see at home for a long time. Sally had been accepted to a small liberal arts college in Western Massachusetts, and Ned was going off to join the cutthroat world of industrial embroidering. They had been inseparable for the past three months, but they both knew that the upcoming year was going to be tough for the both of them.

They kept on walking, and Ned didn't say anything to her for a long time. When they were far enough down the beach, they both stopped, and Ned lay down his towel. The sun was still sinking down below the horizon, and Sally wondered what was going to come next. They both lay down, and Ned looked deep into her eyes, when he looked at her like that, she was absolutely speechless. He didn't say anything for a long time, until finally-

"Sally, you know you're my best girl, right? I'd do anything for you, this has been the best summer of my life, and... and I want to let you know how I feel about you..."

"I'd do anything for you too Ned, I...I love you."

He was still looking deep into her eyes, and her heart began to beat faster. Ned leaned in closer to her, and the two began to kiss, slowly, passionately. He had never kissed her like that before, and it made her shudder in a new and invigorating way. They broke apart, and once again stared into each other's eyes. Sally was breathing heavily, she was becoming excited in anticipation of what was most likely going to come next. At the same time she felt a knot in her stomach, she was a virgin and had never thought she would be physically intimate with anyone before she had married, but Ned made her feel so safe, and if there was any one person she could make love to without any regrets,

she had no doubts in her mind that it was him.

They shifted so that she was on her back and he was holding himself over her, blocking out the red sunlight of the setting sun. They began kissing again, but with more urgency. To her surprise, he snaked his tongue into her mouth, and began to slide it along either side of her mouth. She let out a moan in response to this, and began to feel a wonderful, electric feeling from in between her legs. He seemed to notice a change in her when he did this, but instead of continuing, he moved down to her neck and began placing kisses just beneath her left ear. This turned out to be a sensitive spot, and she again made a sound of satisfaction. As he was kissing her, she put her hands around his neck, and then felt something strange as her fingers moved down between his shoulder blades. It felt cold and metallic, it was a button of some kind.

"Ned, what's this on your back?"

He suddenly stopped kissing her and tried to pull away, "No, wait Sally, don't touch that, don't-"

But it was too late, Sally had already pushed down on the button, and then something very unexpected happened. Ned fell backwards into the sand, and then quickly stood up. His body started to shudder and shake, and steam was rising from his skin. To Sally's horror, his face began to droop, and as did the rest of his skin, it was slowly dripping off like pancake batter, and eventually it revealed-

"Oh my God!!! Ned, you're a...a..."

"Sally, I was going to tell you sooner or later..."

Ned no longer looked quite like Ned, instead of a handsome, muscle-bound youth with a shock of blond hair, he was...different. Instead of two lean, powerful legs, he was now supported by four pairs of spindly, armored legs, a pair of long antennae were sprouting from his head, his back was now covered with a row of rusty colored plates, at the ends of his arms were a pair of vicious looking pincers, his underbelly was a whitish, pulsating blob of tissues and ligaments, and when Sally's

eyes finally reached his head again she saw a pair of black bulbs on stalks and a confusing mass of feelers and orifices that were oozing a greenish fluid.

"Um, ok, so I realize you might be a little shocked right now..."

"I can't believe you didn't tell me you were a giant lobster! How do you think this makes me feel Ned!?"

"...Um, sexy? Spontaneous?"

"I trusted you! I was ready to give myself up to you before we had sanctified ourselves through the act of marriage, and the it turns out the boy I love is a giant crustacean!!!"

"Well if this means anything to you at all, I don't think you've ever looked more beautiful in that bathing suit right now."

"...You really think so? Because I was wondering if my yellow one with the stripes would be appropriate for our romantic goodbye-walk on the beach"

"I think you look absolutely stunning, and I still want you to know that I love you, and I only want to make you feel good in between the legs"

With that, he gently lowered himself down onto the towel again, and looked deep into her eyes. Even though she was staring back into a pair of shining black balls that would swivel in different directions every now and then, she still felt the same way she had felt before, and she knew he was sincere. She moved closer and closer to him, and then slowly, cautiously wrapped her arms around him. Her quivering lips met with his mouth orifice, and she plunged her tongue deep into the dripping, quivering hole. It reminded her of the time when her older brother had pushed her head onto a plate of spiced shrimp, except the shrimp were alive and wiggling, and clinging to her face, but the accompanying burning sensation that was surely coming from Ned's digestive acid was just the same. She continued for a long time, until her eyes began to burn along with everything else. She then broke away, and began to stroke his antennae. Ned let out a sound that was a purr, a gurgle, and a squelch all at once, and it made Sally vomit slightly in her mouth, but she kept herself under control.

"Ned, I've never kissed a lobster-man on the mouth before, it was incredible..."

"Uh, Sally that wasn't actually my mouth, it was pretty close, but my mouth is right here on my chest,

you actually just put your tongue in my...uh...you know, where I do my..."

"Oh my God, you don't mean...?"

"Listen, this means we're already on rim jobs, and you did an amazing job, but just let me-"

"Hold on, what happens when I do...this?"

Sally began curling his antennae around her finger, and smiling seductively. His eyestalks wobbled to and fro, and his eight legs started to buckle. Sally had no idea what any of the rumblings coming from his heaving whitish stomach meant, but she kept curling both of his antennae until she could feel the tension, and then released them with a snap. Ned had a far-off look in his eye-bulbs, and then made a roaring, gurgling squeak as a he doubled over and fired a cascade of orangey goo out of his tail.

"Oh FUCK!!! Oh Sally, Sally..."

She was completely dripping with her boyfriend's lobster love slime, and as she wiped it out of her eyes and made an attempt to get it off her clothes, she heard a gentle, rumbling sound of satisfaction coming from Ned.

"Sally, that was incredible, I never knew anyone could make me fire my spawning juices like that..."

Sally felt immensely proud of herself for giving her man what had looked and sounded something close to a human orgasm, and they lay down together, her still holding on to his smooth, slimy frame.

"Now it's my turn!"

He awkwardly shifted her onto her back, but ended up cutting her top away. At first he started to apologize, but when he saw her perfect, rounded breasts with nipples that were roughly three inches in diameter, he was speechless. The primal lobster man was screaming within him, and he set upon her as if he were digging his way through a fresh crop of barnacles. She thought to herself as he tickled all her secret areas with his bundle of feelers,

"Well, if there's one thing I don't have to worry about, I'm not going to get crabs..."



Out of the Woods

By the Members and Honorary Members of F4: Gwyneth Arnold-Star, Kari Collins, Sarah Danson, Damariscotta Helm, Rachel Jarnes, and Megan Williamson, etc.

The woods were cool and thick. Little Red Riding Hood approached them tentatively, worried of what she might run into. She clutched her oversized picnic basket in one of her tiny hands and pulled her cloak closer around her sweet little body. She kept reassuring herself that no would get her. She had her teddy bear with her, she thought to herself. Mom had just mended it after a tragic stuffing accident. Everything would be okay as long as she had that.

But then she heard voices. Against all her good judgment, and with a nervous pang in her stomach, she followed them until she could see some half-naked men in the distance. Little Red Riding Hood tip-toed her way into some nearby bushes to watch the men more closely.

Scantily-clad in his freshly found flora and thereby showing off his thick, rippling muscles without reservation, Aspen sauntered to the sitting Oak, leaned his lips close to his left ear, and whispered suggestively:

"Hi... I'm *Cindy*."

"You're *what*?" Apparently Aspen hadn't been subtle enough in his seduction to Oak. Poplar's sudden involvement in the conversation irritated Oak:

"He just *said* he was Cindy, bitch."

"So we're calling Aspen 'Cindy' now?" Poplar asked, naively.

"No," Oak returned sharply.

"Drag-name of the moment, Poplar," Rubber contributed in his thick British-accent, "Try not to switch roles though, *Cindy*. Poplar's the bitch here."

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in, I need it now..."

"God, there he goes again!" Oak complained about the poetic outburst "Maybe Bonsai should be the bitch."

"Shh! Let him finish!" Poplar argued.

"I am hard like wood," Bonsai concluded.

Oak looked down, searchingly for Bonsai's recent sexual accomplishment and couldn't find it, as usual.

But Aspen couldn't contain his excitement, "I *love*

how you talk, Bonsai." Oak was officially in a sour mood, so Aspen shifted his seduction towards the primed Bonsai, did exactly as the haiku had requested, and blessed Bonsai with the rapid thrusting of his hard love-pole. In and out, in and out; Bonsai couldn't contain himself:

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in, I need it now

OH!-ceans calm AH!-ll storms ...

Rubber looked on longingly, and then remembered Poplar, "Well, Poplar. Those two are having fun, get your sexy arse over here and bend it like Beckham."

Poplar hesitated, "But you're not as good as the others."

"Maybe, but you're the bitch. Now, get over here."

Poplar continued his pause before moving from his spot. Rubber had actually always been the object of his true desires. He wasn't ripped like Oak and Aspen were, but his British accent simply reeked of sexiness, made his insides melt, his love-baton tingle, and his stomach fly inside. His small paunch was just too cute to handle, the happy trail always tempted him to find what he really...

"Um... Rubber...?" Inspecting his...

"Yes?"

"We can't fuck if you cant..."

"Rubber looked down at his still-wilted love-hose. Embarrassment was written on Poplar's face. Oak burst out laughing at the irony:

"You can't even get it UP?"

"I... I can too! Watch! Just Watch!"

Poplar stood, Oak waited doubtfully, and after a few moments, Aspen and Bonsai ceased their thrusting and moaning and watched Rubber expectantly.

"Dude, are you okay?" Aspen had a look of concern on his face. He knew this had been an issue before, but Rubber looked like he was trying to levitate his cock with his mind, and it looked painful.

"Yeah, don't strain yourself," Poplar chimed in.

"Those things can fall off, you know." Oak was still laughing hysterically.

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in I need it now

His tree does not grow."

"My tree doesn't GROW? At least you can SEE it when it does!"

Rubber lunged for Bonsai, tackled him, threw him into the mud and... Aspen pulled Rubber back off of him. "Fighting won't help you, Rubber!"

"It helped me." Oak was sporting his newly erect love-shaft. "Mud fights are hot."

"Okay, seriously," Aspen took charge, "We need to help Rubber out here. Oak since you're obviously ready to go..."

Oak summoned Poplar. He held his hard shaft in his hands, tempting Poplar with his body and eyes. Poplar strutted to him, sunk his tongue in Oak's parted mouth, ran his hands all over his already peaked and sweating dark body, and before long, they had made their way into the mud, rolling and touching, teasing and cocking.

Aspen watched Rubber, who seemed indifferent to the action, and Bonsai was getting antsy:

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in, I need it now

Mud soothes and warms me."

Oak was inside of Poplar now, and Bonsai had moved to Poplar's beckoning love-baton with his mouth. He touched it and licked, sucked it and loved it.

Aspen couldn't get over how dirty they all were. Remembering how good it felt before, and yearning to continue the compromising positions for Rubber's benefit, Aspen moved in on Bonsai again, eager to attend to their unfinished business.

They all moaned and kissed, thrust and caressed. Their cocks throbbed, their bodies pulsed; they moved together in a flowing, sensual motion. The four had become a muddy, wood orgy. Bonsai balanced on top of Poplar; Poplar grew out of Oak; Oak grabbed at all of Aspen; and Aspen's body was covered up with intense, rubbing hands. The four men became indistinguishable in their sex pretzel, and Rubber watched on...

"Guys..."

Gufs...

GUYS!!!"

The foursome paused and slowly turned their heads, except for Poplar who could only turn his eyes, not wanting to release Bonsai's love-twig from his oral-lock. They looked from Rubber, down to his love-hose, and

back to his eyes again. They had failed. Rubber was still limp, and as they all realized this, the sex pretzel slowly untangled and became a peanut gallery.

"My, what big cocks they have." Little Red Riding Hood was still looking on, but this was the first time she had gotten a full view of...

Rubber was suddenly feeling self-conscious, "Did you guys hear that?"

Then all five of them heard a gasp come from the bushes in the distance. There was a flash of red, and Poplar bolted like Mercury towards the spot.

"What was that?" Aspen finally asked.

"Who in hell...?" Oak demanded.

Then Poplar shouted from the bushes, "I don't know but they left this behind," and he approached the other four with an oversized picnic basket in tow. "Check it out!"

Ravenous from their sexcapades, they tore into the basket, excited at the prospect of satisfying their other kind of appetite. Brownies, cakes, chocolate and strawberries, croissants and brie all went flying. There was enough chocolate milk to quench the thirst of an army of third-graders.

"I LOVE chocolate milk!" Poplar exclaimed.

The five fought and grabbed at each other and the luscious food. Bonsai had pounced on the brownies and seemed to become more loopy than usual, and Poplar, looking around the basket to see if any other food had been strewn on the ground, found that a teddy bear, which must have come from the basket, had been torn into pieces, his white-stuffing peeping out. But there was more than just stuffing... It looked like Mr. Bear had a dick too...

"Hey guys... This bear is anatomically correct!" Poplar announced to the group.

"What? That's ridiculous," Oak argued.

"No! really!"

"That's not a cock." Aspen inspected it more closely, "That's a BONG."

"Weird girl."

"But lucky us," Oak stuffed another croissant into his mouth.

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in, I need it now

The sky is swirly!"

Bonsai greedily stumbled towards Poplar to claim the

bong and Poplar un-stuffed the rest of the bear:

"And guitar strings, a Grateful Dead CD, a dildo and..." he reads from a small, square wrapper, "Ruby Brand, Magic Condom... Magic Condom? Hey, Rubber! Maybe this will work." Poplar skipped over to Rubber and showed him the wrapper and label."

"What?"

"What are you talking about?" Oak demanded.

"It says it's magic! It's a magic condom, Oak! It might help Rubber!"

"I'm not putting no fucking rubber on my..."

"Well, you might not have to. There must be directions." Poplar reads from the package again, "Directions: Open package. Roll onto penis. Think about Dorothy."

"Dude, I don't like girls."

"Are you sure? After your performance, or lack thereof, I'm questioning if you like guys either," Oak challenged Rubber.

"No, it must mean Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz."

"But she wasn't hot."

"Ugh! *Ruby Brand? Ruby slippers?* Maybe you have to repeat what you want three times while wearing it." Poplar concluded.

"Dumb." Oak said.

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it on, I need it now

The woods await bliss."

They all stared at the condom, imagining the possibilities.

"I s'pose it's worth a shot," and Rubber slipped the condom onto his love hose. After a moment of doubt, closed his eyes and muttered, "I need it hard, I need it hard, I need it hard."

And then, as if Glinda herself had made it happen, his love hose turned into a love wand.

"EEEE!!" squealed Poplar. His wish had also come true with the magic of the condom, and he immediately fell to his knees to test the longevity of the condom's magic. Rubber, amazed at his sudden ability, simply let the feeling of Poplar's talented mouth wash over him.

Aspen, Oak, and Bonsai looked on in amazement as Poplar took all of what appeared to be Rubber's nine inches into his mouth.

"Well, that solved it," stated Aspen.

"Yeah, no more questions about his sexuality," proclaimed Oak.

"Damn straight!" drawled Bonsai.

Immediately Poplar popped off Rubber's very hard dick. Rubber had a moment of clarity in his haze, and all four turned in disbelief towards Bonsai.

"Huh? But I thought you only..."

"Ooh baby, baby

Put it in I need it now

Damn Stereotypes."

Coming Soon in Future Editions of 'Out in the Woods:'

- Oak has character development!
- Bonsai hooks up with Captain Chang from Mulan.
- Little Red Riding Hood actually makes it to Grandma's house!
- We meet Maple the Mountie, Pine the Transvestite Lumberjack, and Chief Redwood, who's thicker than all of them.
- Somebody *finally* gets off!
- Pussy AND Bestiality! No really, the next thing Rubber wishes for with the magic condom is a bed, and what he gets is 3 beds, in a house with a table set with 3 bowls of porridge.
- We attempt to write a politically correct story.



Sexual Chemistry

by TK Kennedy

Ovulatory Cycle Effects on Tip Earnings by Lap Dancers: Economic Evidence for Human Estrus?

Geoffrey Miller, Joshua M. Tybur, Brent D. Jordan

To see whether estrus was really "lost" during human evolution (as researchers often claim), we examined ovulatory cycle effects on tip earnings by professional lap dancers working in gentlemen's clubs. Eighteen dancers recorded their menstrual periods, work shifts, and tip earnings for 60 days on a study web site. A mixed-model analysis of 296 work shifts (representing about 5300 lap dances) showed an interaction between cycle phase and hormonal contraception use. Normally cycling participants earned about US\$335 per 5-h shift during estrus, US\$260 per shift during the luteal phase, and US\$185 per shift during menstruation. By contrast, participants using contraceptive pills showed no estrous earnings peak. These results constitute the first direct economic evidence for the existence and importance of estrus in contemporary human females, in a real-world work setting. These results have clear implications for human evolution, sexuality, and economics.

Chat-up Lines As Male Sexual Displays Christopher Bale, Rory Morrison, Peter G.Caryl Chat-up lines, and other openings used to initiate a relationship with a woman, can be viewed as male displays. How well does their effectiveness accord with predictions from evolutionary psychology? 205 undergraduates (142 female, 63 male) rated 40 vignettes; in each vignette, a man approached a woman and the raters judged whether she would continue the conversation. Openings involving jokes, empty compliments and sexual references received poor ratings. Those revealing, e.g., helpfulness, generosity, athleticism, 'culture' and wealth, were highly rated. Although the length of the vignette—confounded here with item content—affected the rating, differences remained after the effects of length were eliminated. The success of openings which demonstrated culture was predicted from Miller's (2000) 'mating mind' hypothesis;

the success of others could be predicted from patterns of parental investment.

Sex Differences in Romantic Kissing Among College Students: An Evolutionary Perspective

Susan M. Hughes, Marissa A. Harrison, Gordon G. Gallup, Jr.

This study provides a descriptive account of kissing behavior in a large sample of undergraduate college students and considers kissing in the context of both short-term and long-term mating relationships. Kissing was examined as a mate assessment device, a means of promoting pair bonds, and a means of inducing sexual arousal and receptivity. A total 1,041 college students completed one of three questionnaires measuring kissing preferences, attitudes, styles, and behaviors. Results showed that females place more importance on kissing as a mate assessment device and as a means of initiating, maintaining, and monitoring the current status of their relationship with a long-term partner. In contrast, males place less importance on kissing, especially with short-term partners, and appear to use kissing to increase the likelihood of having sex. The results suggest that kissing may play an important role as an adaptive courtship/mating ritual.

The Emotional Brain: Neural Correlates of Cat Sexual Behavior and Human Male Ejaculation.

Gert Holstege, J.R. Georgiadis.

The organization of virtually all basic survival mechanisms in the central nervous system (CNS) is within the most central regions of the mesencephalon and the rostrally adjoining diencephalon; in particular, the mesencephalic periaqueductal gray (PAG) and hypothalamus. The PAG sends specific pathways to the caudal brainstem where neurons are located that, in turn, control nociception, blood pressure, heart rate, and micturition. Via projections to the nucleus retroambiguus (NRA) in the most caudal part of the medulla, the PAG

controls the intra-abdominal pressure associated with vocalization, vomiting, and parturition. In cats, the PAG also controls sexual posture via NRA projections to motoneurons in the lumbosacral cord. These NRA-lumbosacral motoneuronal pathways are almost nine times stronger in the estrous vs. non-estrous female cat. While neuronal activity in specific CNS pathways is now known to control sexual behavior in the cat, how is it organized in the human? PET-scan results on human ejaculation have revealed that the meso-diencephalic transition zone is particularly and strongly activated. This region includes the so-called ventral tegmental area that is also known as a "reward area." For example, it is also activated during a heroin rush. Other strongly activated structures during sexual activity include the cerebellum and lateral part of the corpus striatum. At the level of the cerebral cortex, areas in the prefrontal and parietal cortex are also activated, but exclusively on the right side. Further study of these structures should certainly lead to better insight into human sexual behavior and provide the possibility to improve sexual activity in those who suffer

from problems in this area.

Does Semen Have Antidepressant Properties?

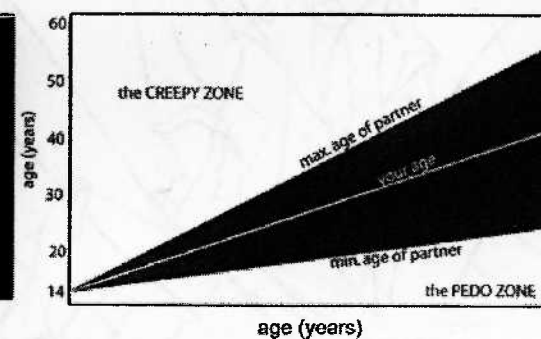
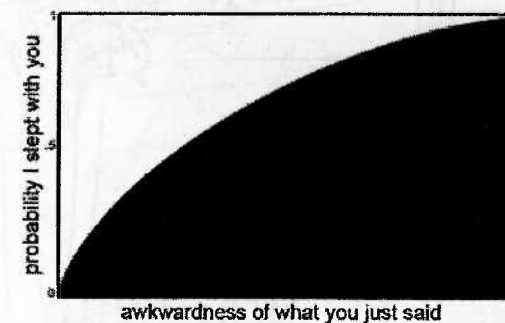
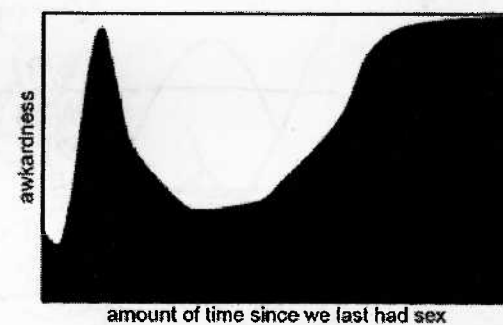
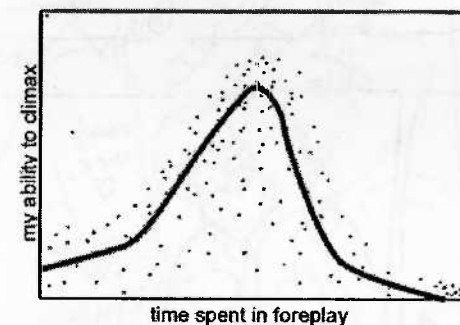
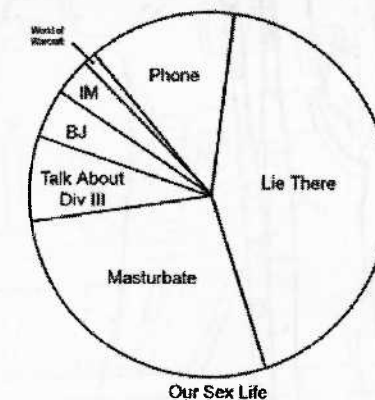
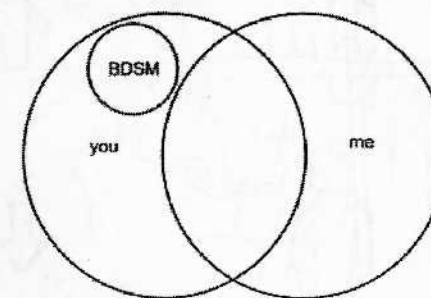
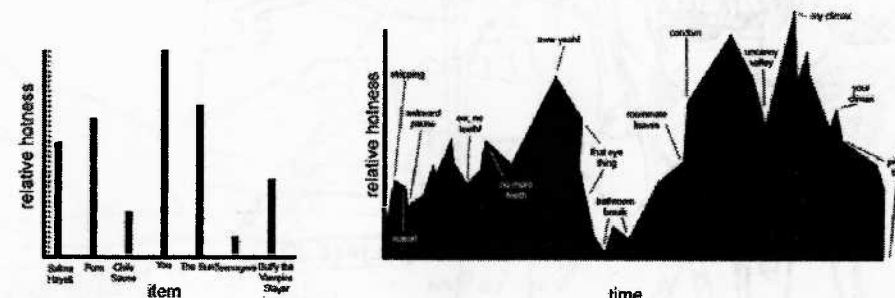
Gordon G. Jr. Gallup, Rebecca L. Burch and Steven M. Platek

In a sample of sexually active college females, condom use, as an indirect measure of the presence of semen in the reproductive tract, was related to scores on the Beck Depression Inventory. Not only were females who were having sex without condoms less depressed, but depressive symptoms and suicide attempts among females who used condoms were proportional to the consistency of condom use. For females who did not use condoms, depression scores went up as the amount of time since their last sexual encounter increased. These data are consistent with the possibility that semen may antagonize depressive symptoms and evidence which shows that the vagina absorbs a number of components of semen that can be detected in the bloodstream within a few hours of administration.

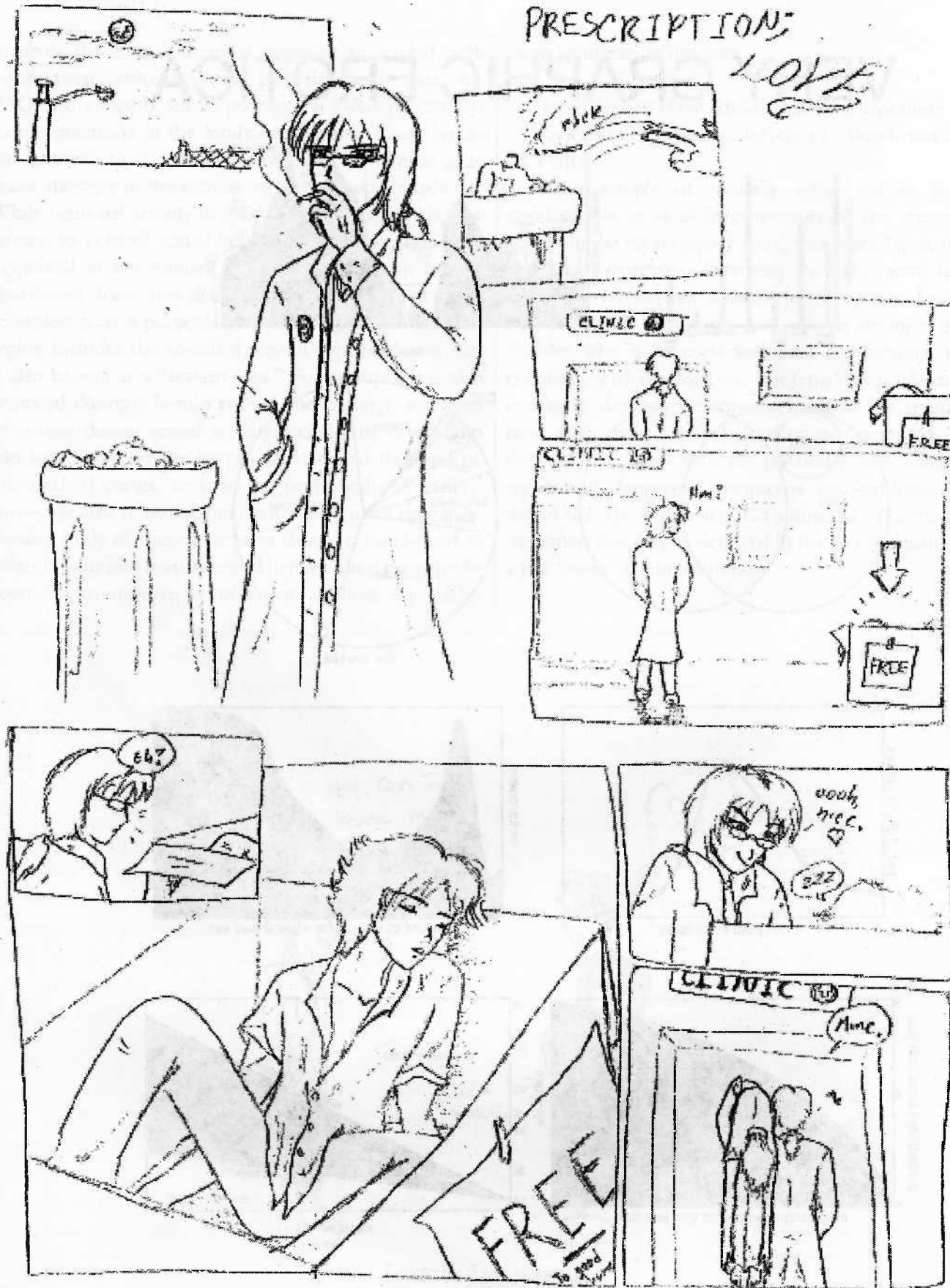


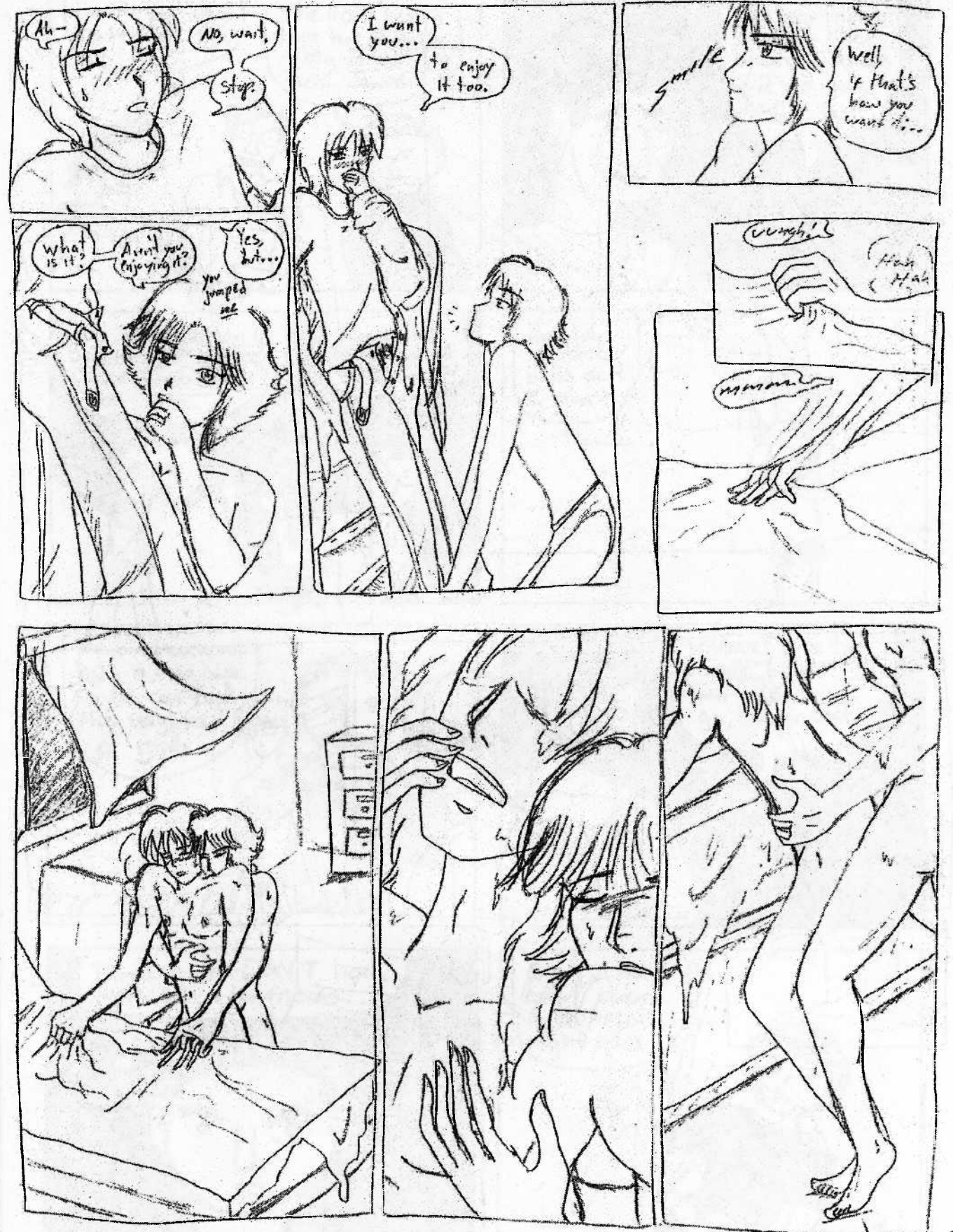
Comic by Zaike Airey

VERY GRAPHIC EROTICA



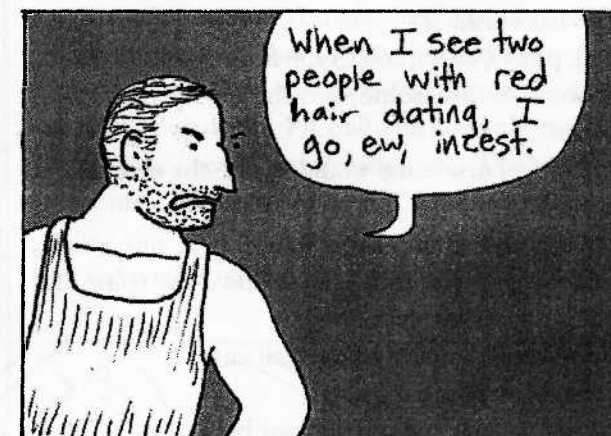
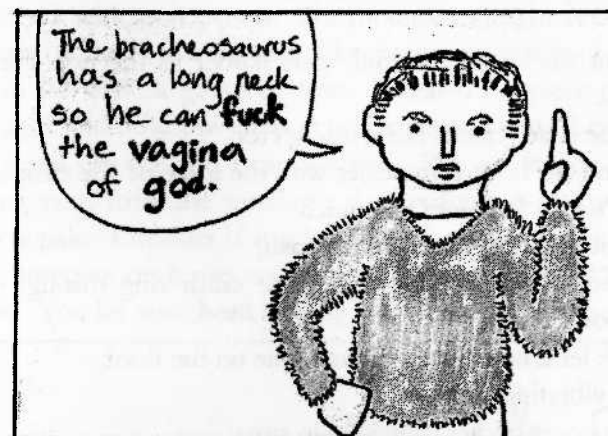
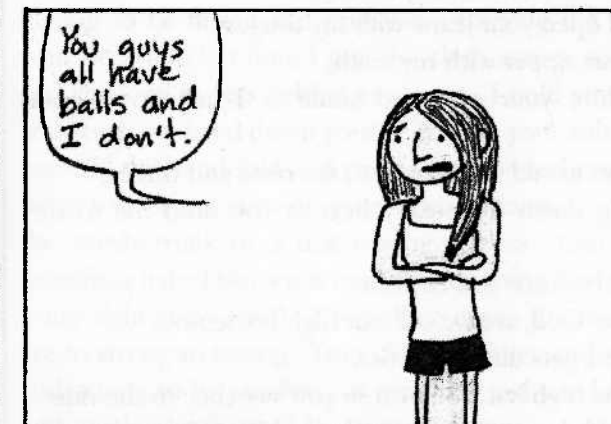
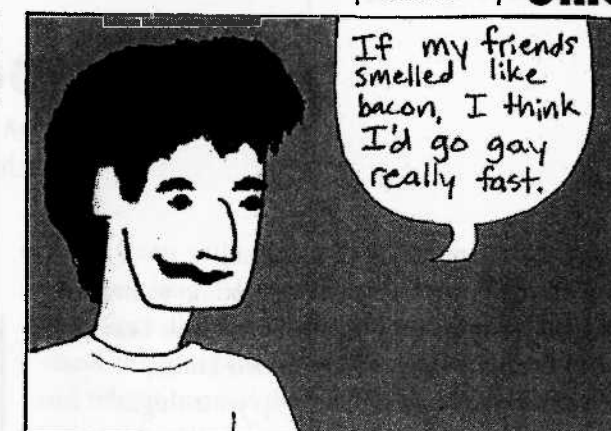
by Jeff Barone







Written by
Lynnea Furlong
Illustrated by
Mara Lund Montano



Ode to a Drummer

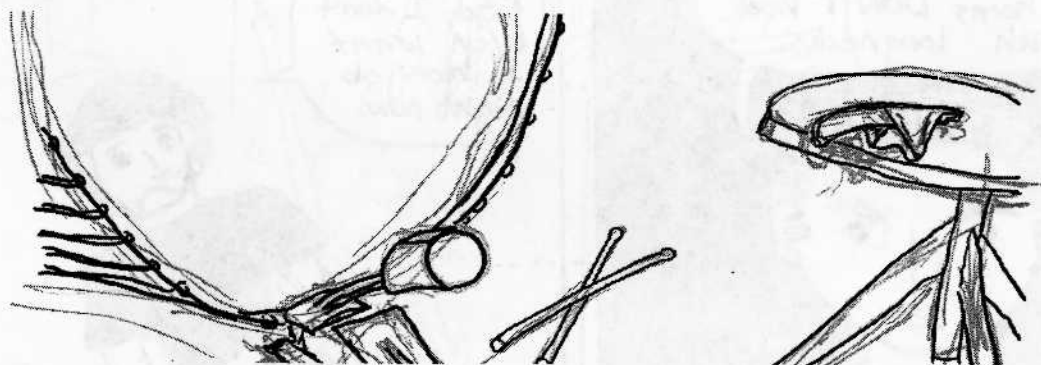
by Rachel Weiss

If I moved the snare and took its place,
Kneeling on the floor, bass pedal pounding to my left,
High hat snapping in time to the solid funk beat filling
the room just to the right of my folded knees,
I bet I could run my hands slowly up your thighs
And you would still keep the beat.
I could open your jeans with my tongue,
Pull your zipper with my teeth,
Look into your eyes and smile as I lick down your
length
And you would still slam into the ones and threes,
Holding down the steady beat as you hold me to the
bed,
Pinned by force and rhythm.
Well, my God, are we off our high horse now.
Now this gets dirtier, grittier.
Now the high hat won't do so you switchcc to the ride.
You hold down the beat as you hold me down as I ride
the ride to the crash.
Drum roll, please, as we roll to the floor
To the floor tom threesome with the bass pedal jealous
at our backs.
The length I feel inside me would shame the drumsticks
you discarded
That now lay crossed in a bitter mockery of our actions
as the pounding of the tom echoes down my spine and
the cymbals ring in my ears.
So with one hand dancing on the bell and
Fingers roughly circling my clit,
You make me voice a melody to your beat.

Then
Should I replace the snare and turn to face you
Legs spread and skirt flipped up I wait
To hear the snap of the snare behind me.
The whip crack of wood on a tight skin then
A brush to soothe the two and four as the ride moves
along
Now the whip cracks harder
The bass pedal throbs like I do from long hours and
overuse.
But still you hold the beat.

Then
Through your deep-throated moans a bass line rises
Matching the melody you make me sing
The rack toms swing
As I cling to the flat of your back
And pray for the crash to come.

But the bass pedal only gets harder as the ride pushes
on.
The snare cracks like a riding crop
And the floor tom pulses with the force of the strikes.
The ride becomes too much
But as you're never one to rush,
You take your time to let the crash ring through the
room.
We let it hang in the air as we lie on the floor,
A vibrating blanket
To cover bodies drenched in sweat
And the silence that comes after sound.



I Can See You

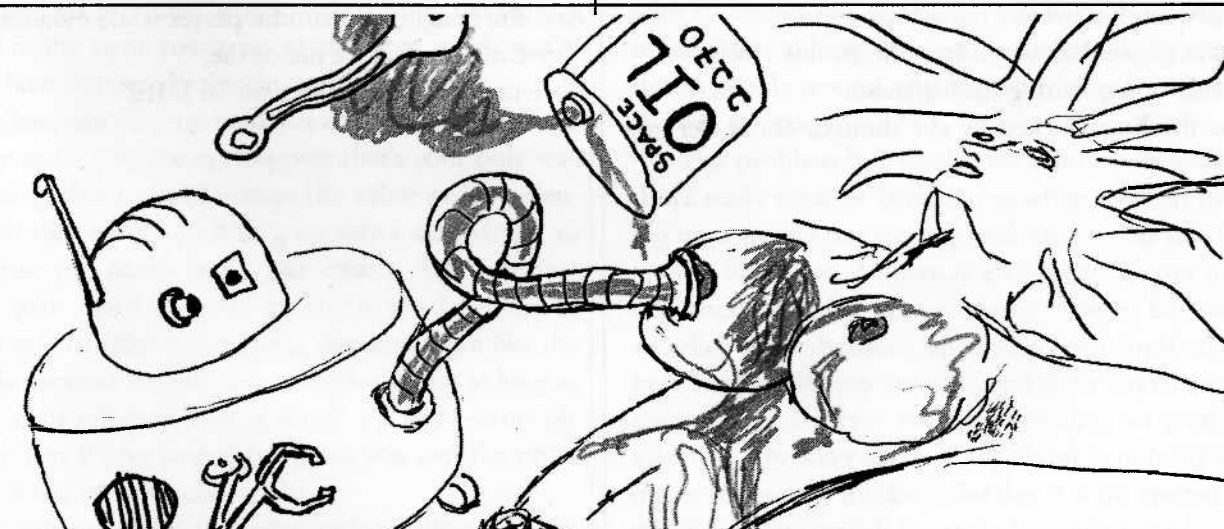
by Gwyneth Arnold-Starr

I can see you. I can see you I can see you. Though I do
not see you every day I long for you. I always long for
what I cannot have.

Sometimes I cannot move. I am paralyzed. You fix me to
the spot with your clear, piercing eyes. You lock the soles
of my feet to the ground with the way you move your
head. Your smile and your laugh send thirty volts rising in
my chest, shocking my heart. You arch your back lifting
your arms behind you, curving and twisting your spine as
if you had none. Your hands could reach out and take
hold of the air as if it were solid. And your laugh, oh your
laugh hits me like thunder and I wonder why I don't fall
deaf from the beautiful roaring sound. I sleep. I awake
in my dream. You are there. I imagine climbing out of
bed and pulling on my boots, hands trembling because I
know that I'll see you. My blood rushes and my hands
are cold. I step outside my door. The air I smell is cool
and thick with anticipation. The moon is as bright as the
sun and I have to look away. I know you are waiting for
me in the darkest grove of trees. I tear off a piece of
my shirt and hold the scrap in my sweating palm. I can
see you I can see you I can see you. You are standing,
facing away from me wearing a dark red sweater. Your
skin is pale. I wonder if it is because of me. I approach
you, stepping on leaves and twigs so that you know I'm
there. You lift your head hearing my footsteps. I step as

close as I can without touching you, just close enough to
smell your hair. My heartbeat it so loud I know you can
feel it through your feet. Still you do not turn around.
I stand the intoxication as long as I can before I let my
hand release around the blindfold. It tumbles out of my
hand and I catch it between two fingers. The two fingers
itching to be flexed and grip you. Burying my face in
your neck one last time I pull the cloth across your eyes
and slide my fingers behind your ears. I hold your scalp
and reach my hand down your chest into your shirt. You
tear off the blind fold and press your lips and tongue to
mine I savor the taste of your lips and tongue. Against
the sturdy trunk of a tree tearing clothes. Our damp,
scorching naked skin cries out for everything every touch
every sight every smell. You will tie me to the tree. You
are so strong so strong. Your clitoris is huge and swollen
and aching to be pinched. A gleaming red jewel flecked
with thick salty foam. My fingers and cunt cry out in joy.
Your fingers find me. You are deep and warm and so so
wet. I let out a cry that the gods could hear. You taste
of the sea. I'll burn the rope that binds me and I'll tie
it around your neck. I'll pull you towards me so that I
can feel your breasts fitting into mine. Use your strength
against me. The night air is still. Our blood is not.

I can see you. And you are lovely.



Love Me or Die: A Tale of Lust, Magic, and Madness

by Joshua Gannon-Salomon

She cut open the High John root
And there was no blood
She stuffed him with goofer dust
And pepper, salt and vinegar
And he did not cry out
She tied him up too ti-ti-tight to scream
And dangled him from her left ring finger
Over the pink and black candles singin'
"Love me or die, love me or die,
Love me or die, boy, love me or die."

The incessant incense burnt sweet and slow
Compelling, commanding, Dixie Love
Essence of bendover slipped into beer
He didn't notice – he didn't hear
'Cause she was in the kitchen with High John still
singin'
"Love me or die, love me or die,
Love me or die, boy, love me or die."

She stood by her bed
Anointed with oil
All gussied and primped like Erzulie Freda
Waiting for him to waste away
To sicken without her – a man possessed
And between her breasts hung High John
Atop a negligee that would stop the atomic clock
Ears wide open, waiting for his knock
And as the hours ticked by she thought about her guy

singin'
"Love me or die, love me or die,
Love me or die, boy, love me or die."

Midnight hit like the 5:15
Blowin through the station out to Abilene
His eyes sprung open, bloodshot and horny
He knew right then who he wanted and what
He dialed frantic with lust, he could barely see
And he never wondered "Jesus, what is up with me?"
And he heard in the ringing her siren voice singing
"Love me or die, love me or die,
Love me or die, boy, love me or die."

She stands in the doorway, already the victor
High John is hidden all safe from his eyes
The incense ashes are thrown in the crossroads
And the candles take up a handy disguise – mood lighting
– meanwhile
He murmurs "I need you" and she whispers her wishes
While helping him disrobe and allowing him kisses
And she's holding the reins as he leans over her
Reaching for her to stamp out the curse
He obeys and enjoys her every instruction
Though she is the architect of her own seduction
And she imagines a thankful prayer while moaning
"Love me or die, love me or die,
Love me or die, baby, love me or DIE!"

Jericha Senyak's Dear Hampshire, Could We Have Better Sex Please?

Volume 5: Written February 18th, 2007

I have come to the (possibly glaringly obvious) conclusion that while sexual relationships in college may be good practice on a physical level for the sex you're going to be having for the rest of your life, they are pretty much completely unlike any kind of personal interaction you're going to have after you graduate. The reason for this is very simple: you live, sleep, eat, party and go to class with just about every person on your campus. This is not how things work in the real world. My attention has been drawn to this due to a recurring problem among my friends and acquaintances. What seems to happen is this: you and your friends start hanging out with someone you think is cute. You flirt with said someone. One night when everybody else leaves you hook up with them.

The next day the fact that you hooked up seems, well, unmentionable. Nothing went wrong – it's completely feasible, perhaps even very likely, that you'll hook up with them again. But you can't allude to it. You go on hanging out with them, waiting for another private moment to present itself, knowing full well what will happen when it does – but you can't try and construct that moment. Why exactly this is you're not sure, but you just don't feel comfortable asking them to hang out one on one – that would imply some special status that you don't have. Everyone knows you two are hooking up, you both know everyone knows, and yet it cannot be referred to when the two of you are in the same room, no matter how much you're flirting, how dirty you're dancing, whatever.

You keep hooking up until one day you have a private moment and it just doesn't happen; that's your only way of knowing that it's over, unless the other person mentions that they've been hooking up with other people, in which case you know even more clearly. After the fact you can joke about it (if you choose to go the nonawkward route – the alternative being avoiding them like the plague for several months) but my point is that as long as it goes on, or rather as long as you don't have reasonable evidence that it's no longer going on, you and the other person never, ever talk about it.

This situation tends to drive people up the proverbial

tree, understandably enough. The tantalizing possibility of nooky dangling in front of your nose, nooky that may or may not come through, is infinitely more frustrating than no nooky at all. If you have no hookup prospects, at least you know exactly where you stand; you can stop trimming your pubic hair and worrying about wearing presentable underwear. But if you're spending your evenings hanging around someone you might just hook up with if you play your cards right and nobody inadvertently cockblocks you, it can be maddening.

My point is that this doesn't happen in real life. If you're living in the actual world, in which there exists some separation between the different areas of your existence, you don't generally go to someone's house with all your friends and sit there waiting for them all to leave so you can hook up. That would be an extremely inconvenient way to go about it. Instead, you do what is nigh impossible on campus: you go on dates. Hooking up with someone you work with is the closest you come to being back in the little campus bubble, and even then you're not living with every damn person in the place. My extended point being that not referring to the sex unless it's happening is kind of silly. If you're comfortable enough to sleep with someone, you should be comfortable enough to invite them to hang out with you when there aren't a dozen people around, and they should be comfortable enough to accept.

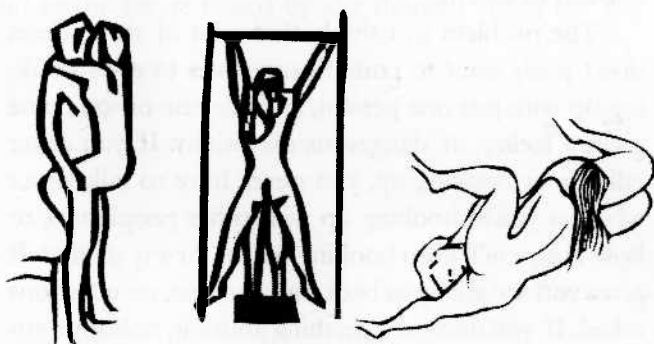
The problem is, I think, that a lot of us students don't really want to commit ourselves to even hooking up with just one person, and the one-on-one time gives a feeling of dangerous exclusivity. If you never talk about hooking up, you never have to talk about whether you're hooking up with other people too, or how long you'll keep hooking up for, or any of that. It gives you the ability to back out any time, no questions asked. If you don't say anything about it, nobody's going to come away thinking that this is some special and exclusive thing, which keeps it pleasantly casual.

Sex Question for Jericha and the Community at Large

Except that it's maddening. Not that I think everyone should sit down with each prospective partner before they hook up and carefully outline exactly what they need/want/expect from the interaction to follow; though that would probably simplify things enormously, it also kind of has a tendency to kill the mood. ("Okay, we've had the talk, we can fuck now...") I mean, sexual needs and desires are fluid things. Sometimes you're looking for one situation, another night you're hoping for the exact opposite. But see, girls like to know what nights to wear cute panties, okay? I mean, it's frustrating when you go to all the trouble of shaving your legs and putting on perfume, only for no one to end up appreciating it. Think of it this way. If you've hooked up with someone and nothing's happened to stop it happening a second time, inviting them to hang out, even with other people around, sounds tantamount to "Let's fuck later." If they've dropped by uninvited and you aren't in the mood, make it clear from the outset so they're not disappointed at the end of the night. If you ARE in the mood, make THAT clear.

I mean, clarity is really not that difficult. How many times do I need to say it? Clarity = better sex. I'm tired of repeating myself. Next week I'm just going to give blowjob tips.

You can reach Jericha with questions, comments, or concerns at jcs06@hampshire.edu



Dear Omen/Jericha, What is good sex? In one of my classes, we hit on an idea that really resonated with me, about how sex ed doesn't talk about the good, the pleasure, what's positive. In my experience, it only discusses how to avoid STD's/pregnancy, etc, but by figuring out what's good in a relationship (and sex) then we'll be able to have a better idea of what's bad or destructive. So: what is good sex? What makes it good?

I asked the people in my mod for a basic overview and got answers along the following lines: Orgasms (individual and mutual. Well...no surprise there.) Experimentation within a safe environment Communication, before, during and after Being able to look your partner in the eyes during sex Knowing and trusting the person (which leads me to ask about those mind blowing fantastic one night stands I've heard about, when you don't know their body nor them yours and you certainly haven't had time to get to trust them...what makes this kind of sex good?) "When you're looking at me" (half in jest...) Wanting to please the other person Being touched as much as possible, as much body contact as feasible.

Jericha hit on the idea of being sober and liking the other person I think these are a good place to start, but seeing as how sex is such an integral part of our lives, there has to be more about it. Any ideas? Specifics are welcome, generalizations are too. I don't really think it should be limited to two people (of any gender[s]) either. What about masturbation? What makes for having great sex with yourself? It's just not something we really talk about, and I'm starting to wonder why.

-Victoria



David's Wisdom Nook

An Advice Column by David Mansfield

David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reclusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts with his wife and three kids. A professor at Hampshire College, he teaches classes solely about Roald Dahl's *Matilda*.

David contributed to this issue's erotica contest with a deeply personal story that has led to a nervous breakdown. As a result, he is currently on vacation in a place with sand and some trees or something. He will return next issue with a brand-new Wisdom Nook, but until then please enjoy this classic question.

David,

I am a happy mother of two wonderful boys, one 8 and the other 4. We have a very tight-knit family and they have always gotten along swimmingly until recently. Nothing specific seems to have triggered it, but they now fight constantly! The younger of the two, who has always been very sweet, harasses his older brother to no end. The older son retaliates with equally unacceptable brutality, and they have even had several physical fights recently. I am becoming seriously worried. Is this normal? Help!

Loving Mother Of Warring Sons

Dear LMOWS,

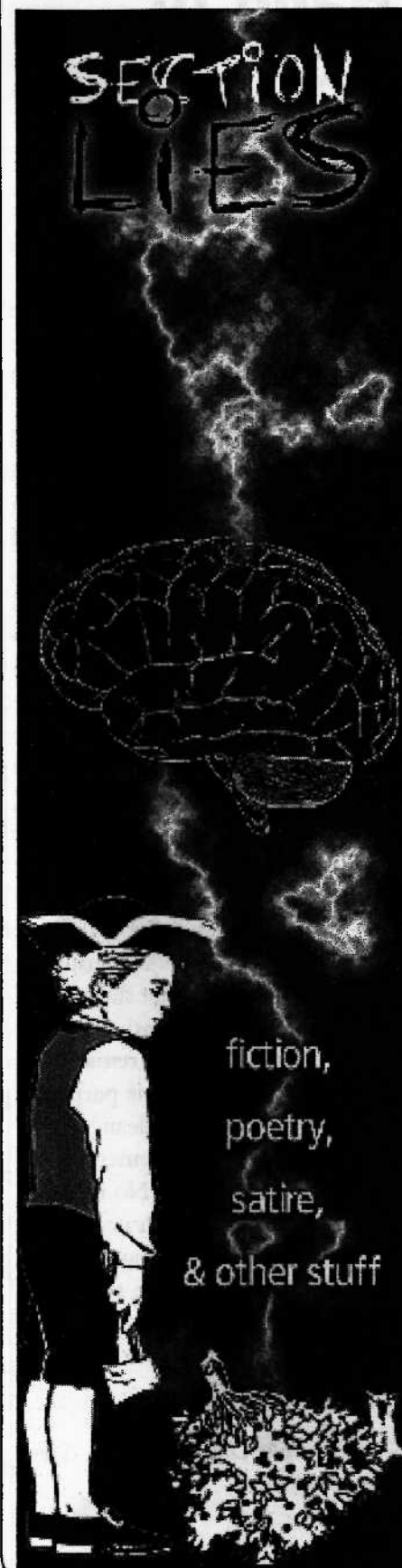
Good news! While this kind of behavior is frightening and annoying, it is a stage that most brothers go through at some point during childhood. If anything, you should be relieved that your children are indeed human, as the desire to be the dominant brother is a unique trait wired into the human brain.

There are several explanations for this conflict. The first is that your 8-year-old son, whom I shall hereby refer to as Thurman, has been your only child for his whole life. Sure, Nancy (the other son) has been around, but until about this age he was more of a baby than a legitimate threat to Thurman's place in the household. And no, you can't breed this behavior out of your children, if you were wondering. They will just be confused and emotionally damaged if you try. We see a similar connection in the natural relationship between iguanas and dogs. Regardless of an individual iguana's experience, if it sees any kind of dog its natural response will be to get in a defensive position and whip its tail at the dog. No one is sure why, but it is an inherent part of the iguana brain. I guess my point is that if you are getting an iguana, you can't keep it in the same cage as your dog, which is unfortunately what most people want to do.

You should provide both a warm basking area (about 92 degrees F) and a cooler area (about 80 degrees F) for your iguana. You will need both a basking light and a UVB light in the enclosure where your iguana lives. The life span of an iguana is based heavily on the quality of its diet, so make sure you feed it a balanced diet of dandelion greens, parsnips, mustard greens, spaghetti squash, dried figs, green beans, and papaya 2-3 times per week.

Good luck with your new pet!

That's all for this time. For more, visit the archives at davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com.



I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays

A fortnightly column by Rachel Rakov*

Please note: I realize that I promised Part II of my special two-part series on bad erotica. However, as I am not feeling well and far past my deadline, I am afraid that I will not be bringing that to you until the next Omen comes out. I realize by then it will no longer be topical humor, but I do not want to cheat you out of an interesting column because I am unwell. As a humble offering, please accept a conglomeration of my last seven columns instead.

Consider yourselves fortunate: it was just this morning that I had decided to write my column on my utter lack of ability to come up with things to write columns about. Despite having a month to come up with new column content, I had hit a dry patch of creativity and wit and had almost decided to give up my column and try my hand at a new hobby, perhaps something like fly-fishing. And then, just before the end-all-be-all deadline, the point of no return, the point wherein if you haven't thought of something by then you will not have enough time to both come up with an idea but also execute it and write the damn column, inspiration struck. And oddly enough, it struck in the form of a cartoon, specifically, a cartoon lacking in humor.

At any rate, I have once again run into the problem of having no particular subject to write upon this week, and so, have decided instead to denote a list of ideas that I chose *not* to write about this week. Hopefully you shall all appreciate what I have spared you from by choosing not to write about said topics, and thereby forgive me for not having a particular interesting single subject about which to write. And so, here are some of your rejected topics for the week:

All men under thirty living within 40 miles of Idaho's state capital (Tallahassee) are required to get their hair cut ever 8th Sunday. Because of this, Idaho has some of the best hairstyling schools in the country.

The Rolling Stones are officially banned from the state because of a non-disclosed incident involving Mick Jagger, a cow, three bowls of oatmeal and a transvestite.

A column describing a brilliant idea I had, wherein a music company would put out an album full of the very

worst popular songs of the past five years, and call it "Songs For Dogs To Take A Shit To".

A column based on the list I was making awhile back, that contains the names of every acquaintance I've ever had and the percentage of whose names start with the letter 'A'.

In addition to expanding my own personal horizons as a writer, writing this column has also gotten me some attention from other people in the humor writing world. A humor writer who has actually been published came across my name in relation these columns and, being a huge Adams fan himself, contacted me and asked if he could read some of my columns. He ended up reading a few and giving me some lovely suggestions on how they might be improved. Sometimes cool things like that just happen. Those of you who are technologically inclined will be happy to know that this column is now simultaneously being broadcast to you in HD format, thanks to the lovely people at The Omen, and so please feel free to adjust your eyesight accordingly. (For those of you who are curious, writing in HD is, in fact, very much like not writing in HD, except for the bit where you can see *so much more clearly* that what you are writing is not particularly funny.) The number of toilet stalls in the place evades me at the moment – there are either four or five, but that really isn't the point. The point remains: by an unspoken agreement, the residents of this particular hall decided that the last stall was to remain clean, so that when one needed to partake in a bowel movement, there would be a clean toilet for one to sit upon. No member of the hall ever spoke of this agreement; no notice was posted on the mirror saying something along the lines of "Would it be so hard to leave at least one stall clean enough to shit in?"

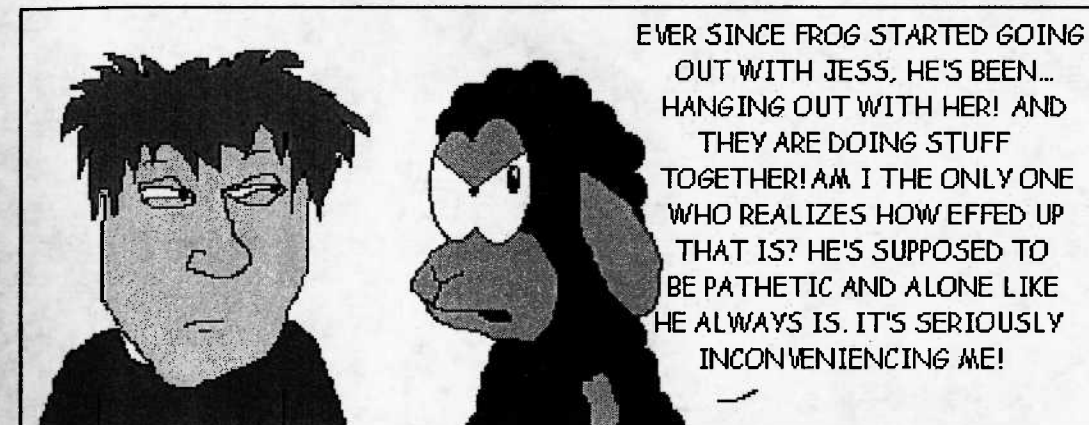
Please, please, for the love of God, avoid rhyming.

* Rachel Rakov is inspired by Douglas Adams. She is unwell. We apologize for the inconvenience.

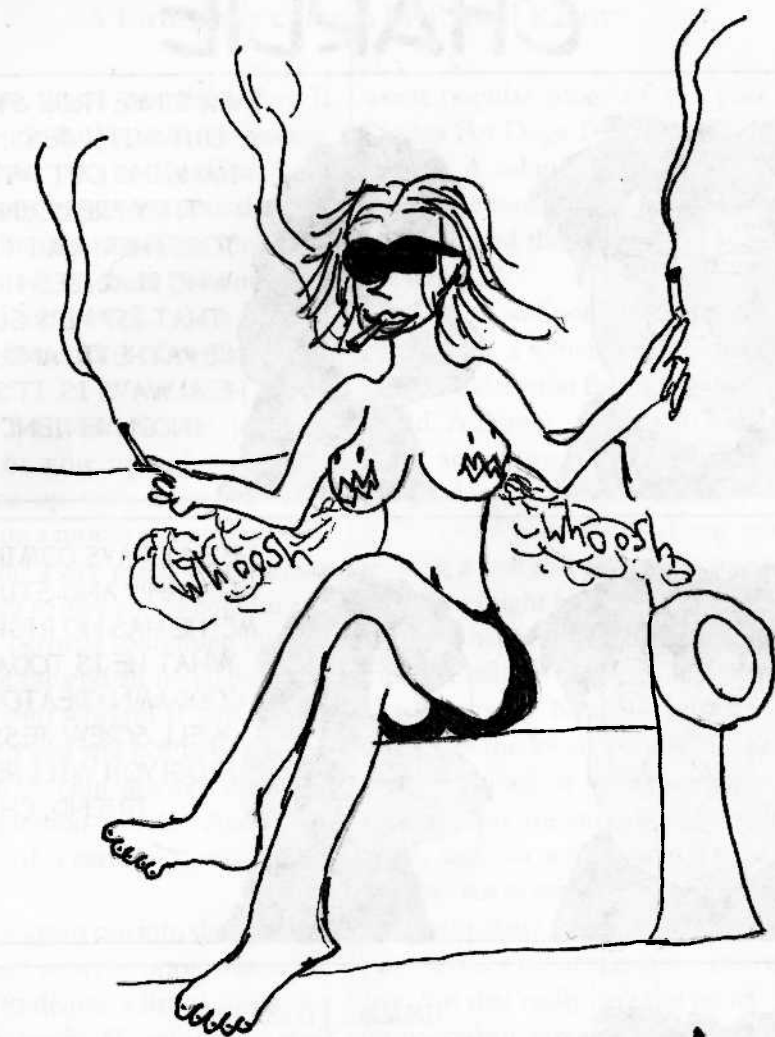


BLACK SHEEP & CHARLIE

ISSUE #1



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN



Was that as good for
you as it was for me?